THE
COMMONWEAL

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CONTENTS

The Baffling Mr. Kellogg 1191
Week by Week 1193
The Nation's Choice 1196
How Shall the Farmer Live? 1197
An Open Letter to Bernard Shaw ..... Michael Williams 1198
Presenting Mr. Smith ... Elisabeth Marbury 1201
Saint Patrick ..... Padraic Colum 1203
The Rise and Fall of a Tooth ..... Bertram C. A. Windle 1205
Communications 1207
Sonnets ..... Morton Dauwen Zabel, Richard Linn Edsall, Thomas V. Boggs, Vincent Engels, Herbert Forbes Dawson, Alice Gould 1209
The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner 1210
Books ..... Thomas Walsh, Mary Ellen Chase, Joseph H. McMahon, J. Elliot Ross, Catherine Radziwill, Martha Bayard, Thomas Healy 1211
The Quiet Corner 1217

THE BAFFLING MR. KELLOGG

THE career of the United States as a power dedicated to the promotion of international common sense has been resumed. On February 29, Secretary Kellogg dispatched to M. Briand a note outlining his view of a conceivable multilateral treaty outlawing war, and at the same time picked up the thread that had dropped from Mr. Wilson's fingers. During 1908 and 1909, Washington had negotiated twenty-two Root treaties, each of which bound the signatory powers to settle by arbitration differences which did not affect "vital interests, independence or honor." We have since learned that such categories possess almost unlimited capacity for expansion, but at the time these agreements represented a great step forward in the development of arbitration. They led the work done at the Hague, which in turn was a noteworthy effort even though it ended in failure. Then, during the war, men began to think of peace as something absolutely necessary—as a kind of life-or-death enterprise to be carried on by nations with the same earnestness and diligence as they had expended upon preparing for war. Again it was the United States which led the way. Mr. Wilson's fourteen points were so many cardinal principles for operating the business of peace, and his League of Nations idea was something like a certificate of incorporation.

Unfortunately Mr. Wilson possessed no understanding of the rôle played by development in every form of enterprise. His confidence in a ready-made theory to which the facts would have to conform was absolute; and when the facts refused to budge, the whole endeavor came to grief. So complete was the débâcle that during ten years the people of the United States have remained unwilling to invest any of their energy or idealism in a similar venture. The propagandists for the League, the World Court and universal disarmament were skilful and untiring, but they were powerless to create action. Fiasco after fiasco is the record of attempts to induce Congress to sponsor some form of international policy. Meanwhile the things that had been done by Mr. Root were vastly out of date. Many of the treaties had lapsed, and those which did remain in force were little more than antiquated documents which no international jurist could take seriously. We stood before the world a nation powerful beyond dreams, having financial relations with every country on the globe and an invaluable moral leadership, but lacking the ability to see that these "entanglements" were of the kind that, in the past, had caused innumerable wars and struggles.

Mr. Kellogg is the most adequate representative of this prevailing astigmatism. This does not, of course,

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imply any fault or weakness in his personal character. He simply found himself at a post in which the American people wanted to see him act in a certain way, and he so proceeded to act. On the matter of war debts the government adhered firmly to what were undoubtedly its just rights; but while one does not wish to assert that another method of settlement was imperative, the temper of the Mellon Commission does indicate that it was governed by the domestic consideration of economy and not by the international consideration of reconstruction. Similarly arbitration and disarmament were causes which had to content themselves with the President's statement that the United States did not believe in using force. Reduction of the army and navy were advocated as "economical," not as calculated to advance the cause of peace. In short a program of national isolation was in effect, despite continuous protests that came from academic and religious circles.

Finally the Monroe Doctrine, as an established part of sound American tradition, came into extraordinary prominence. Working in accordance with the policy bequeathed by Mr. Roosevelt and sundry other Presidents, the State Department embarked upon a corrective Caribbean enterprise which eventually ended in a heated clash with Mexico, and in Nicaraguan intervention. There was nothing new in either venture. Both were, in fact, in perfect conformity with the maxim which has appeared at the masthead of the Chicago Tribune from time immemorial. Nevertheless the response of public opinion was immediate and startling. Mr. Kellogg was besieged by such an onslaught of criticism that explanation and modification of official conduct immediately followed. The sending of Ambassador Morrow and the importance attached to the Havana Conference were responses made to a people grown suddenly inquisitive and suspicious. Future historians will, we believe, discover that one cause of all this activity was fear lest Catholics succeed in invoking the aid of the government in putting an end to the Mexican persecution. But undoubtedly other causes are more important—for instance, the slow and steady strengthening of the country's will for peace.

Again Mr. Kellogg rose to the occasion. An exchange of notes with France having led to nothing more original than the signing of a new arbitration treaty, which can in no wise be considered a notable improvement over the Root agreement, our Secretary struck out bravely with a "leap year message" that was destined to make the diplomatic universe hold its breath. He professed to see no reason why a treaty "having for its object the unqualified renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy" should not be signed by nations other than France and the United States. The stipulations of the League Covenant, which call for mutual assistance in putting down an armed offense against international law, ought to prove no obstacle because seventeen of the American republics which signed a resolution condemning war as a national policy were members of the League.

Mr. Kellogg, moreover, seeks a multilateral treaty which will be strictly unilateral in meaning. A unified demand for arbitration by courts rather than by generals is well and good. But "if such a declaration were accompanied by definitions of the word 'aggressor' and by exceptions and qualifications stipulating when nations would be justified in going to war, its effect would be very greatly weakened and its positive value as a guaranty of peace destroyed." Since all war is "an assault upon the stability of society and should be suppressed in the common interest," it follows that no opening should be permitted to exist through which it might creep into a legal status. Such is the proposal which in all "purity and simplicity" is now placed before the nations for their consideration. Small wonder that some Europeans, accustomed to hearing the United States speak in terms of its own interest, should stare in amazement at the present document and profess to doubt its sincerity. Small wonder that others should profess to make various implications of the Monroe Doctrine test cases of Mr. Kellogg's veracity and sincerity. The note of suspicion and distrust, often rising to a pitch of bitterness and scorn, which has appeared in recent European journalistic comment on American affairs, is not likely to be changed in an hour by the complete reversal of form to which the note of February 29 testifies with simple eloquence.

To all doubters, however, two facts ought to appear indisputable. Through the Kellogg note the United States is not taking a leap into unfamiliar territory but is simply catching up with the movement toward international arbitration which it inaugurated and sponsored. It has resumed the leadership renounced during ten years. And if that leadership now involves far more lucid principles than did the program of 1908, it is simply because recent years have meant a great if tentative advance. Secondly, precisely the Monroe Doctrine is responsible for the circumstance that America has found herself again. Widespread and vigorous public dissatisfaction with intervention and all aspects of imperialism have compelled statesmen to try discovering the arbitral basis upon which that Doctrine can develop into an agency for peace. We have begun to see that our "influence" in Latin America must repose upon just covenants and mutual agreements rather than upon the energy of marines in battle formation.

It may be that the Kellogg note will not succeed in unifying the world against war. Modifications and limitations will, no doubt, be proposed and, very likely, accepted. But they are all powerless to change the fact that the United States, being the most powerful of nations, has brought its strength to bear upon solving a problem that involves the stability of civilization, and that this strength is now on the side of those who think in terms of reconstruction. Since 1918, much thinking has been done, not all of it in vain.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

IT IS not without significance that Great Britain's refusal to withdraw from Egypt and grant full independence—and consequent control of the Suez Canal—to that country, was made at the time that the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, by unanimous vote, was reporting unfavorably the resolution of Senator Heflin to recall the United States marines from Nicaragua. It is customary for pacifists of extreme stripe to talk of moral obligations, but at times it seems as though they ignore altogether the obligations of great nations, not merely to some one other country, but to all countries. Senator Borah, who presented the report of the Foreign Relations Committee, can scarcely be classed as a militarist. He says frankly that for his own part he would like to withdraw the marines tomorrow, but he has sufficient clarity of moral vision to realize that this would be an act of defiance to every moral principle, in the face of the agreements with the Nicaraguan people entered into by the representatives of the United States. The situation which had arisen in Nicaragua when the marines were sent there called for the exercise of a police power from outside. Something more than the insurance of a fair election in that country was involved in the intervention that was made necessary. To permit chaos to approach unchecked was to endanger the lives and property not only of Americans, but of the nationals of countries which accept the Monroe Doctrine and expect us also to respect the obligations which it inevitably exacts. Circumstances being what they are, one must abide by circumstances.

GREAT BRITAIN faces a very similar situation in Egypt. She has interests in that country, especially in the Suez Canal, which are of paramount importance to the whole empire. But were she ready to withdraw the military forces which are virtually policemen who see that the native guardians of the peace do their work, she would have to consider whether she could take such a step without scrapping every obligation she has to certain other nations. They have looked to her and continue to look to her for the protection of their residents in Egypt. Their trade relations might be disastrously affected were this protection revoked and the affairs of the country made a source of wrangling among the different blocks of ambitious extremists, or gradually surrendered to some other nation which would not give the guarantees of stability and safety that have been taken as a matter of course so long as the British have been in control. Theories may be spun and fine phrases about independence may be rounded; Senator Heflin may believe that the Pope and the College of Cardinals are responsible for the presence of United States marines in Nicaragua. But against all theories and drowning all phrases are conditions, and these call loudly for the recognition on our part of true moral responsibility.

MUSSOLINI'S address on the subject of southern Tyrol came very near to being another "scrap of paper" speech. If he does not consider himself bound by the "vague and rhetorical agreement" entered into by former Italian statesmen, it must indeed remain a matter of doubt as to precisely what pledges he intends to respect. Very likely the taking over of Tyrol in the first place was an utterly mistaken concession to Italian expansionist notions; and certainly the action ran counter to everything summarized by Mr. Wilson under the general caption of idealism. Fascismo is an intensely nationalist movement. Sooner or later, therefore, interference with Tyrolean language and custom was sure to be insisted upon. On such matters Mussolini is the victim of the current which he himself generated. The sensible attitude of Austria has, however, left open a very comfortable avenue for retreat. Following the lead of their most representative journalists, German Catholics have simply pointed out the fact that when Bismarck attempted to root out the Polish consciousness in the newly acquired eastern provinces of the Reich, it was the hierarchy and the Centre Party which protested against the move and rendered effective the protest of the Vatican. Why not, then, expect the Holy See to intervene in favor of Tyrol in a case where the cards of justice are so plainly stacked against Mussolini?

SO FAR no stand has been taken by the Papacy. Undoubtedly there is plenty of precedent for such a declaration, and one is quite sure that it is being voiced quietly through diplomatic channels. No necessity exists for a public statement, sure to engender excitement,

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where methods of conciliation and private discussion will do just as well. The Vatican, while obviously not favoring the Italian policy in Tyrol, could hardly venture to disturb the admirable calm which it has maintained during the trying time of the Fascist rise toward power. That rise involved, essentially, a wholly desirable thing—the solidification of Italy as a country able to meet its own economic and political demands. Though excrescences have attached themselves to this central urge, few have thus far expressed themselves in terms more dangerous than language. We have confidence that the Vatican is too really conscious of justice, and that Mussolini is basically a man of too much common sense, to permit the bravado in Tyrol to become more than a mistake soon rectified.

IN ITS issue of March 7, The Commonweal commented on the fact that in Ohio Secretary Hoover had been provoked into throwing overboard the rule that no candidate shall enter a state which has a favorite son. It said, "If the compact between Willis, Watson, Curtis and Lowden becomes much more evident, there may be the same result in their states too." Two days later Mr. Hoover threw his hat into the ring in Indiana and challenged her favorite son, Watson, to a fight for his life. As Monte Cristo would have said, "Two!" Curtis has not been so aggressive toward Hoover as have Willis and Watson, and in Lowden's state the fight for uninstructed delegates may be left to take care of itself; but in view of what has happened in Ohio and Indiana, Curtis and Lowden may be suffering some queasy moments. It is generally assumed that Hoover, who must win the whole Indiana delegation or none, is sure to lose the state to its favorite son, but that is not what interests Watson most. Win or lose, Hoover has started a fight in that faction-ridden state that puts Postmaster-General New, ex-Governor Goodrich and Watson's other rivals in a position to make a real contest for his overthrow and their own control of the organization; and the Senator assuredly does not enjoy the prospect.

RESULTS of a remarkable investigation into post-war conditions in France are about to be published in eight volumes by the Columbia University Press. The importance of the study undertaken by American and French scholars under the auspices of the University Council for Research in the Social Sciences may be judged from the fact that arrangements have been made by French and German publishers for simultaneous publication of the volumes in Paris and Berlin. The chief subject of the investigation has been the manner in which, and the extent to which, inflation has arisen in French public finance, and has been reflected in French banks and private finance, and had effect on the several social classes and cultural groups which constitute the French nation; and at the same time how this has been at least partially offset by the expansion of French industry and the activity of French labor. The complications in the situation caused by French politics and events in the colonies, as well as by French national psychology, have also been analyzed by the committee of which Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes is chairman. In making known to the world the grave social and economic problems which confront a brave nation at this time, the Council for Research has performed a service for which Americans, as well as Frenchmen, should be grateful.

IN DIRECTING attention to the increase in unemployment, various leaders of public opinion were following, not walking in advance of, a very real economic tendency. Newspaper reporters in almost all large cities have since discovered and played up evidences of poignant individual suffering. Reading about how a man in such and such a place had crawled off to die of starvation in a tunnel, and about how a family of children in another city had gone for a week without food, one is inclined to wonder why institutions devoted to charitable works do not advertise their eagerness to give assistance, no questions asked. The existing callousness of human life to human beings is veritably terrifying. We happened to notice, the other day, a poor wretch—poisoned, no doubt, by substitutes for alcohol—sprawled out on the floor of a subway entrance in front of the very eyes of a change-maker. It never occurred to this earnest servant of rapid transit, or to any of the hurrying mortals who had virtually to step over the prostrate form on their way in, to notify a policeman. All such phenomena are, of course, too isolated and individual to coalesce into a general view of economic and social conditions. They do, however, bring those conditions home to us in terms of suffering, responsibility for which we cannot shirk.

WHAT has caused the drift toward joblessness? The answer seems to be a dwindling of farm labor on the one hand, and a tendency to cut down industrial payrolls on the other. Machines have supplanted a great deal of labor that was merely muscular movement. Federal statistics show a steady decline in the number of those employed in factories. Dr. Julius Klein, who, as director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, is familiar with such matters, declares, however, that this decline was in progress throughout the whole tide of prosperity. The "many thousands" displaced were, he says, absorbed by "non-manufacturing pursuits." Chief among these are motor servicing and distribution, amusement enterprises and the operation of hotels. This last business, which has expanded vastly since the appearance of the tourist automobile, is believed to have provided employment for a million persons. But just as soon as the industrial boom began to sag, the "psychological" and other influences began to brush off excrescences here, there and yonder. The accumulated human debris is now so vast in bulk as almost to have exceeded the powers of charity agencies to offer relief.

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IF ALL this indicates how far from perfect our economic system, despite efforts to stamp out injustice, remains, the increasing light thrown upon conditions in the coal fields lays bare a perilous and reprehensible indifference to right standards. Whatever may be the outcome of the present investigation, no doubt exists that it has focused attention upon outrageous facts. The kind of life people have been living in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and other coal regions can be expected to produce nothing else but misery, revolt, immorality and murder. Taking for their goal first the abrogation of the Jacksonville Agreement and secondly the ending of union domination, the companies have employed strike-breakers, nearly half of whom are Negroes. They have, acting in consonance with state law, outfitted police units empowered to enforce what is virtually martial rule. Finally, they have been able, under the existing legislation, to use the court injunction as a powerful weapon. It is difficult to see how the federal government can act to remedy matters. But a sufficiently clear-cut set of recommendations from Congress should have the effect of inducing the commonwealths concerned to begin the work of reform.

WHEN, in a recent speech, Dr. Ernest H. Cherrington, chairman of the Educational Department of the Anti-saloon League, described the United States as "a country that insists upon total abstinence," he placed the country in his debt for having given a frank statement of the philosophy which animates his organization. That the philosophy is rather muddled as to logic and that his statement contains a contradiction in terms is beside the point. From the name of the Anti-saloon League, and from the public statements of its leaders at various times, one might reasonably infer that what the League seeks is the abolition of the liquor traffic. There have been some disrespectful souls who have ventured the opinion that possibly the League actually seeks more than it has heretofore announced as its objective. They will be gratified by Dr. Cherrington's honest avowal.

ABSTINENCE, if it be abstinence, must be voluntary, hence it must be predicated upon the will of the individual practising it. The shipwrecked mariner on a desert isle, with his provisions and water supply gone, does not abstain from food and drink. He goes without them because he cannot get them. In the days when the divine right of kings was the dominant political philosophy there were statutes which made it a felony to think disrespectful thoughts of the king. If Dr. Cherrington's conception of the prohibition laws is correct, perhaps we should have a statute making it a felony for a citizen to indulge in mental yearning for a cool glass of beer in mid-August.

THERE is no reason why the Southeastern Prohibition Convention of the Anti-saloon League should not come out against the Democratic party and summon all its adherents to follow suit. It has every right to do so. But it should be honest about it and not try to camouflage its purpose under a pretense of non-partisanship. It calls for the presence "at the nominating conventions" of "the religious and moral forces of our country," and declares to the drys that "if they speak unitedly, promptly and positively, they can prevent the nomination of such men as Butler, Longworth, Wadsworth, Ritchie, Smith and Reed." Three Republicans and three Democrats, the Republicans being mentioned first; that seems impartial enough. The "joker" is that the three Republicans, Butler, Longworth and Wadsworth, are not candidates and are not even considered as possible dark horses; the three Democrats are highly prominent candidates, and the only three who stand any chance of the nomination. The declaration of the Southeastern Convention is in effect a declaration against any Democrat who can be nominated, and therefore in favor of any Republican who may be. There is no objection to partisanship, but there is a most decided objection to furtiveness and false pretense.

NEWSPAPER comment on the new Klan styles has veered from satirical remarks to bits of sober thinking. The New York Times remarks that the organization "is of no importance now except as a reminder of certain foolish trends in American life"; the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot declares that Wizard Evans and his followers have undergone a "face-lifting operation." Most papers say something similar, but there exists a considerable amount of speculation as to precisely why the Klan stepped from under a veil to under the greenwood tree. Had the membership fallen off seriously? Did many consider the uniform a serious inconvenience and expense? Is an effort under way to "reform" the organization? Under each heading there is room for an affirmative answer. One must not forget that the Klan is the creation of expert organizers, who know the value of "appeal." Very likely no vast effort will be made in the near future to establish kleagles and followers in centres hostile to them. The field of activity can be limited to domains where the population is rather solidly of one type—rural districts, towns where prejudices of one kind or another run high. In such places there is a chance for continued Klan "success"; and while we do not believe that it will ever grow more muscular, we have a feeling that its claws are far from being cut.

POLITICIANS should pay some attention to convention psychology when they are scanning the horizon. They invariably proceed on the assumption that candidacies pile up in an orderly and unemotional manner. For instance the Smith backers, according to that able observer, Mr. Carter Field of The Herald Tribune, count on their candidate's having "not less than 576 votes on the third or fourth ballot." They further believe, Mr. Field reports, that he "will have a re-

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serve strength of not less than 148" which he will get by the sixth, and which will bring him within ten votes of the nomination. That is not at all the way the thing works. If on the third or fourth ballot a candidate has 576 votes, with 148 in sight, there will be a wild rush for the band wagon, an avalanche of delegations changing their votes, and all will be over but the shouting. It is not only history, it is human nature. Whether Smith will have these 724 votes is not the question; if he, or anybody else, has that number, he will not have to wait ballot by ballot for slow, mathematical additions to his strength.

WITH ever-growing interest being manifested in the study of the theological, social and scientific doctrines of the middle-ages, there should be widespread approval and general response to the proposal to institute a model laboratory of the history of mediaeval civilization at Saint Michael's College, Toronto. The proposal to found an Institute of Mediaeval Studies at the college originated with Dr. Etienne Gilson, professor of mediaeval philosophy at Harvard University and the University of Paris. His plan has much to recommend it, but it is only necessary to point out one feature of it to indicate the worth of the whole. He holds that it is necessary to probe the deepest sources of the interior life of the middle-ages in order to gain an adequate understanding of the philosophical ideas, the moral convictions, the political beliefs and the scientific knowledge which made up mediaeval civilization. At Saint Michael's College, he says, he has met a group of philosophers whose high value he has been forced to recognize: men brought up in the very mediaeval traditions which it is proposed to study, and eminently qualified, therefore, to find their true meanings. In Canada the suggestion has been received with enthusiasm; there can be little doubt that in centres of learning in the United States where the need of such an institute has long been recognized, there will be hearty coöperation and generous support for the undertaking.

THE NATION'S CHOICE

WE ARE getting nearer to convention time. The calendar is one indication of this fact; increasing nervousness among politicians is another. Republicans remain uncertain of the status of the President, whose continuing mysteriousness is not the clearest of possible signs that no "draft" will be resorted to by the management of the G. O. P. Hence, campaigning for Hoover has become a series of stops and starts, particularly astonishing on the Wisconsin scene. Mr. Hoover is not convincing in the part of the shrinking violet; and grateful though one is for glimpses of a non-professional politician, it is likely enough that the ultimate game will not be played by amateurs. And who rivals Hoover? The rather humorous attack of the Holstein cattle raisers upon Mr. Lowden's adequacy—said raisers averred editorially that a man who couldn't look after cattle properly was not the right man to look after the American people, or words to that effect—has at least a symbolical importance. Farmers will not rally to the support of Lowden. They will, in so far as they play a lone hand, stake all on a more picturesque figure like Senator Norris. He in turn could not find enough supporters in the East to pay his railroad fare thither.

Nor is the situation much more placid inside the ranks of Democracy. However often the papers may have assured us that the South is hastening to the support of Governor Smith, there are two curious practical arguments to the contrary. The one is the hat of the Honorable James Reed. The other is the candidacy of Senator Walsh, curator of integrity. Neither man constitutes a strong personal challenge of Mr. Smith's fitness. Both indicate, however, that the dry and anti-Tammany traditions of organized Democracy are not going to be abandoned without a struggle. It is, of course, safer to predict that the forces assembled in Houston will rise and cheer for Mr. Smith than it is to declare that Herbert Hoover will figure prominently in the speech-making of next summer and fall. But nobody has anything "sewed up" just now, and it is the part of wisdom to go little beyond hoping that both good men will triumph over opposition and come to grips with the public as arbiter.

One interesting circumstance has given the political talk a novel flavor. The success of Claude Bowers's Jackson Day dinner address has started the rumor that he will appear as the Democratic keynoter. It would be a most refreshing development. Mr. Bowers lives, moves and thrives in the spirit of the party's best tradition. No man is better fitted to restore to consciousness the savor of the Jeffersonian mind, and to call attention to principles which, in the midst of facts, are only too likely to be obscured. Who would not be thrilled by the spectacle of Dr. Butler on the one hand, and Mr. Bowers on the other, rising to expound party doctrine in the "grand style" of older days, but still with an eye fixed on contemporary problems, which in their turn would invite the analysis of men like Smith and Hoover? It could be, one surmises, a most instructive campaign. Meanwhile the game must and will be played.

First instalments of the spectacle may be witnessed in the South Dakota and Indiana primary battles. Case number one has already been settled, with results gratifying to Smith supporters. Though a heavy vote was cast for Senator Walsh, his proximity to the scene and western bent of mind were noteworthy advantages. Case number two will be illustrated with the aid of Indiana scenery, and promises to provide Senator Watson with an excellent reason for addressing his fellow-citizens. It is worthy of attention, in view of what has been written above, that the Hoover manager in Hoosierdom is "using his own judgment."

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HOW SHALL THE FARMER LIVE?

UP IN the morning with the chickens. Hard work through seeding, planting, haymaking, harvest time. Wondering not at the gorgeous hues of the sunset, but at what the weather is likely to do next. Facing problems of hygiene and education without much assistance, often learning through sad mistakes. Trying to keep up with what the "university fellers" say is true about soil, stock and machinery. Given to thinking as to just why it is that the total amount earned during the year is so exceedingly like the total amount expended. Indulging in vague guesses as to how matters would be if we had a good government, familiar with farm problems and willing to solve them. Looking ahead to "retiring time," when the children will have grown up and the wife can take things easier in a house in the county seat.

All this, a blend of human and economic factors, has been discussed widely enough. Recently we were given the opportunity of talking it over with the Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, who pretty much directs what the Catholic Church in the United States is doing for the agricultural population, through the Catholic Rural Life Conference and other media. Considerable headway is being made, said Father O'Hara. Having long since come to the conclusion that remarks about the possible influence of religion upon the rural community are useless unless religion exists there, Catholic leaders have instituted "vacation schools" and brought them far beyond the experimental stage. During one month or six weeks of the summer vacation, sisters, seminarians, social workers, college graduates, go out into some country district and teach religion. Such schools have been conducted with great success in more than forty dioceses. Milwaukee and Dubuque have led the way. Experiments in various western "melting pot" communities have been unusually picturesque and significant. It is planned to expand the work in this field by designing "correspondence courses" in Christian doctrine. The whole idea, so new and even startling at first, has been proved valuable to the general satisfaction of clergy and hierarchy.

The Catholic Rural Life Conference, of which the Reverend A. J. Luckey of Manhattan, Kansas, is now chairman, has conducted several meetings. Modestly aware of its limited resources and unfamiliarity with methods of rural reform, it has tried to learn from the National Country Life Conference and similar bodies. During recent years Father O'Hara has spent considerable time in Europe studying developments there, particularly in so far as Catholic efforts are concerned. He found the German and Belgian enterprises most instructive, but is enthusiastic about the way the world is moving in Spain. There a program which envisages all the problems of farm life has been worked out on the basis of Rerum Novarum. By comparison, achievement in English-speaking countries is to a large extent theoretical and even inconsequential. Ireland is talking politics and agricultural coöperation, but politics actually has the floor.

Out of this attempt to learn right methods of procedure, the Conference has issued with at least some measure of equipment for action. The next meeting is to be held on the three days following September 25 at Saint Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas. Here the sons of Saint Benedict have formed their own typical kind of "farm community," and are now carrying on with great fervor and earnestness. Clergy and laymen will attend the sessions which, it is hoped, will arouse interest in two major lines of thought—rural education and what is termed "prosperity." The first topic is to include all those aspects of professional training that are reliable. How far can the Catholic rural community promote the holding of institutes and the giving of advice? What can be done to give the country pastor a deeper interest in the business being conducted round about him? Prosperity is a larger phrase. Father O'Hara is deeply interested in the co-operative movement. He believes that the Church can do a great deal to promote it, in view of the fact that European Catholic rural associations are constantly engaged in extending economic aid. Government is seen to be a possible factor in the situation, as taxes on farm property seem to be proportionately heavy.

Other matters are coming in for a trial or for consideration. In one place and another the Catholic rural community is experimenting with a "traveling clinic," which visits farms with a view to giving that attention to young eyes, teeth and other anatomical details which city children receive almost as a matter of course. The Church is seen as the foremost non-governmental welfare agency. How much can be done to stimulate attendance at agricultural colleges and the teaching of agricultural subjects in the rural schools is another mooted problem. "All these things," declared Father O'Hara, "are important because they contribute to the right solution of the 'drift from the country problem.' It is true that the rural families will continue to raise more children than can find a place in the agricultural industry. We must see to it, however, that the fittest remain on the farms, knowing that there they can attain the greatest amount of social and economic success, and so build up a veritable rural aristocracy. The others can be prepared for work in industry, or be suffered to drift into the ranks of common labor. At present there is tragic significance in the fact that too frequently the unfit remain and the good depart."

That all this is of the greatest importance to Catholics generally goes without saying. The problem of conservation, of religious socialization, comes first. Beyond this lies the truth that since the size of the country family invariably tends to be larger than the size of the city family (for reasons which, says Father O'Hara, are inherent in economic law) the quality of the future recruits to city industry—and more than incidentally to city parish life—depends to a great extent upon what is done now on the plains.

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A RAY OF HOPE FOR MEXICO

AN OPEN LETTER TO BERNARD SHAW

DEAR MR. SHAW:—I believe it will interest you to learn what effect the letter about Mexico, which you were good enough to write me last August, produced when it was published.

Perhaps you will recall—at any rate it is the business of this letter to remind you—that your letter was in reply to one of mine in which I told you facts which may be briefly summarized as follows:—

One of the great American news agencies had commissioned me to obtain an interview with Pope Pius XI, for simultaneous publication in several hundred daily newspapers, American, European, even African and Asiatic. The subjects suggested by the agency were such things as Governor Smith's candidacy for the Presidency; the immorality of modern youth; etc., etc. It was of course quite out of the question for the Pope to give an interview on such subjects; and I confess I did not make any particular effort to achieve the impossible. I did, however, think that it might be possible to obtain an interview on subjects of more importance, and after two months' work, I was given by Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, a document which is, I believe, unique—a direct message from the Holy Father, addressed to all civilized people irrespective of their religious views, declaring that the Catholics of Mexico are suffering under the worst persecution known to history: worse than those suffered by the Church under Nero, Domitian, Caligula, if not in the number of victims, at least because while under the Roman emperors private religious worship was tolerated, in Mexico today priests are being slain (sometimes after torture) and lay people are shot, imprisoned, fined, exiled and otherwise punished for participation—at times on the mere suspicion of participation—in private worship.

The Pope went on to say that the reason why the world does not know the truth about the Mexican persecution is the extraordinary success achieved by the Mexican government in suppressing the news about it. Press agencies and newspapers, both of the United States and Europe, have accepted the censorship. The official declarations of the Mexican government concerning the religious situation are transmitted to the world outside; but practically no statements or explanations emanating from Catholics are published except in the Catholic press, which has a very small circulation even among Catholics, and which for the most part is ignored by the secular press.

The Pope's statement about Mexico was refused by the news agency. The literary agent who acted for me in my negotiations cabled that my article was refused because it was "Catholic propaganda." The news agency, however, stuck to the perfectly sound legal and business contention that they refused the article because it did not treat the subjects that I was commissioned to write about. The fact that what I did write was infinitely more important than the goods ordered made no difference so far as the news agency was concerned.

Having laid these facts before you, I asked you to write me a letter stating your opinion, as an author and journalist whose opinion has international weight, as to the importance of the Pope's message, and the value of my proposal that an international lay committee of inquiry into religious conditions in Mexico should be organized. "If the Catholic Church is really to blame for the bad social conditions in Mexico," my letter went on, "let the facts be known."

In reply you wrote to me that you could not imagine what the American press was thinking of in refusing to publish what was practically an interview with the Pope. You said:

> It is news, and official news from a person of overwhelming importance. The mere fact that the Pope has at last consented to avail himself of the press instead of the pulpit as his instrument of publicity would be sensational news even if the message were nothing but a remark on the prospects of the harvest.

You also said:

> I have never been able to understand why the subject of the pitched battle between Church and state in Mexico was dropped so suddenly by the British press after it had been featured with the prominence its importance deserved for several days.

As for the proposed commission of inquiry, you wrote:

> If the Russian government, which openly repudiates the teachings of the Greek Church as dope, can nevertheless afford to tolerate it, however contemptuously, one would like to know why the Mexican government cannot afford to be equally broadminded, instead of behaving like Queen Elizabeth. It owes it not only to the Pope but to itself to welcome an inquiry and report; and for the American newspapers to suppress the Pope's demand for such an inquiry as a matter of no interest naturally sets the world asking whether these newspapers are written for children under five or for grown-up citizens of the greatest federation of modern states—the nearest thing on earth to the Holy Roman Empire—in the world.

After the arrival of your letter, finding that the news agency, even after my article was rewritten in a way to minimize as much as possible the Mexican question—although, of course, I could not dream of changing as much as a comma of the authorized translation of the papal declaration—would not accept it, I laid

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the whole matter before the editors of the New York Times. I did not propose to include your letter as part of the article containing the Pope's opinions about Mexico and other important affairs, but simply showed it to them so that the New York Times should be in possession of the facts concerning my negotiations with the agency. The interview containing the full text of the papal statement was published in the New York Times on Sunday, October 2, 1927.

After keeping a close watch, aided by a clipping agency (in England, I believe, it would be called a "cuttings" agency) on the American press, I regret to tell you that no daily newspaper, no weekly review or monthly magazine (other, of course, than Catholic ones) said a single word editorially on the subject of the papal statement about Mexico. It was ignored.

Therefore, on February 1, I published in The Commonweal my first letter to you, your answer, and the facts summarized above, and also proposed that the religious situation in Mexico should be investigated by agencies independent of the press. I hoped that such organizations as recently combined to send a commission of inquiry to Roumania to investigate the treatment of religious minorities of Jews, Catholics and other bodies, might recognize the much graver situation existing, not in distant Europe but here in America, at the very doors of the United States.

The Commonweal, as its readers well know, is absolutely opposed to any form of military intervention by the United States in Mexico. It recognizes the exceedingly delicate responsibility of the United States government in dealing with the Mexican government on the question of its relations with its own citizens —although it also believes that the present Mexican government is really a Bolshevist dictatorship, established by a small group that successfully seized the military power, which it has maintained by promptly weeding out all disaffected elements through the effective agency of firing squads. Nevertheless all governments, and sometimes even dictatorships disguised as constitutional governments, are influenced by public opinion. Enormous sums of money have been expended by the present Mexican government in propaganda in the United States, through the press, the lecture platform and other means. Public opinion in the United States so far is not adequately informed concerning the religious crisis in Mexico, its causes, its extent or its consequences. The Mexican government's point of view has been successfully imposed upon the American people. Many of the heads of our great newspapers and news agencies are in possession of facts which, to say the least, throw grave doubts upon the Mexican government's version of the matter. But they accepted the censorship which prevented them from sending the other side of the story out of Mexico, and have done nothing to defeat the censorship. The old days of newspaper enterprise, the days of Aloysius McGeehan, H. M. Stanley and the great independent editors who sent special correspondents to all parts of the world, seem to have quite passed away, at least so far as the Mexican situation is concerned. Newspapers are hugely successful as big business but not as an institution holding it as a first function—and holding it as a duty—to inform public opinion with facts.

The article in The Commonweal of February 1, containing, as stated above, your letter and the proposal for a commission of inquiry, was sent before publication in proof sheets to all the principal news agencies, and a number of important daily newspapers. The New York Times and the New York Herald Tribune published considerable portions of the article. The Diario De La Malina, of Havana, published the full account of the matter on its first page (February 1) with three-column headlines, and as the Pan-American Conference was sitting at the time in Havana, the article was widely read by the delegates from all Latin America. But the great American news agencies ignored it, both as it was published in The Commonweal and as it was given in the Latin-American press. I have never before known any letter or statement of yours, no matter on what subject, to be ignored or minimized by the American press. Of course it is true that your letter criticized the press. Are we then to believe that the press considers a criticism of its own judgment or methods to be unimportant even when it comes from you Has it established by tacit agreement a censorship of its own against criticism of its methods? In this case, what then becomes of its supposed ethical principles?

I am happy, however, to be able to report more favorably about the reception of your letter and of the plan for the commission of inquiry on the part of a number of important Protestant journals, and various organizations for the promotion of international, inter-racial and inter-religious peace and good-will. While of course many Protestant journals do not hold the same view regarding the Catholic Church in Mexico that is maintained by The Commonweal, and believe that many of the troubles of Mexico are due to the bad influence of the Catholic Church itself, nevertheless, animated by an admirable spirit of fair play and justice, they are at least willing that the whole subject should be investigated; while some of them very strongly maintain that no matter what the faults of the Church may have been, the Mexican government is now acting toward the Catholics with what appears to be appalling harshness. The Christian Century of Chicago and the Christian Register of Boston are among the journals which have expressed their approval of an investigation. Among the organizations which are at least considering the suggestion are America's Good-will Union, of which the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman—one of the most influential religious leaders in the United States—is honorary president of the Board of Trustees, the acting president being Justice Arthur S. Tompkins, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and one of the

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leaders of American Masonry; the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church; the American Federation of Labor; the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America; and others.

The latest weekly bulletin published by the Department of Research and Education, Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, contains some pages of noteworthy comment on the Mexican situation. For some time past considerable criticism of the failure of Protestant leaders to express any concern over the plight of the Catholic Church under Calles has been voiced in the press. The Commonweal has had a word or two to say upon occasion. The bulletin explains the attitude of the Department by affirming that "data for an impartial and adequate discussion of the church question" were not at hand, and that the oil and land controversy seemed more likely to create an issue involving the United States government. It then goes on to accept as "an extensive and authoritative statement of each side of the controversy" the papers written for the New York World of February 5 by Dr. John A. Ryan and Arturo M. Elias respectively. After quoting liberally from both writers, the bulletin proceeds to draw the following highly significant conclusion: "It is noteworthy that Mr. Elias does not attempt to defend *in principle* the repressive measures of the government, but seeks to justify them on grounds of expediency."

This conclusion links up firmly with the decision of the American Committee on the Rights of Religious Minorities to propose an enlargement of its scope to include disturbances such as that now raging south of the Rio Grande, which are properly the affairs of religious "majorities." If the name of the organization becomes the American Committee on Religious Freedom, as a vote to be taken at the next meeting will probably determine, the way will be clear to take up just those matters of principle which the Calles government ignores. Perhaps the method of procedure will be the sort of investigation suggested by The Commonweal—the appointment of an impartial commission to weigh the accumulated evidence. At any rate, active interest in the problem by such bodies as the Federal Council of Churches and the American Committee must have the effect of revealing to the great body of people in this country the extent of the disaster and the abrogation of justice that has caused it.

Mr. Lindley Gordon, secretary of the American Committee on the Rights of Religious Minorities, writes to The Commonweal, in part as follows:

> Because of previous investigations our committee has made in Roumania on the religious minorities question, particularly since the return of the deputation which visited Roumania last summer, suggestions have come in from different sources that there should be a deputation sent to Mexico for a similar purpose. I like your suggestion that a commission of inquiry be secured and that it should sit in Washington or one of the border cities, and that witnesses competent to sit on both sides of the question should be present. Would it not be possible to use both methods—not only the commission of inquiry but the commission of investigation in Mexico? I do not see any reason why you should not mention the fact in The Commonweal that on the agenda of the next meeting of the General Committee of the American Committee on the Rights of Religious Minorities the question of enlarging the scope and changing the name of the Committee to include the whole question of religious freedom and religious persecution will be introduced. This meeting will be held in the course of the next two months.

Among the prominent members of this committee are: Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, Secretary of the Department of Commerce; Honorable William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Senator Arthur Capper; Honorable Abraham I. Elkus; President W. H. P. Faunce of Brown University; Dr. John H. Finley of the New York Times; Mr. Otto H. Kahn; Honorable Robert Lansing; Archbishop Curley of Baltimore; Bishop William F. McDowell; Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, New York Times; Bernard G. Richards, American Jewish Congress; Dean Howard D. Robbins, Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, New York; Right Reverend Joseph B. Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland; Professor James Brown Scott; Dr. Albert Shaw; Honorable George W. Wickersham; Bishop Luther B. Wilson; Rabbi Stephen S. Wise; Honorable Victor J. Dowling; Dr. Hamilton Holt; Mr. Ivy L. Lee; Reverend Louis C. Cornish, American Unitarian Association, Boston; Professor Philip Marshall Brown of Princeton University; Reverend Charles S. Macfarland; Reverend Frederick Lynch; Reverend John A. Morehead, National Lutheran Council; Honorable Henry Morgenthau; Honorable Theodore Marburg; Honorable Louis Marshall; Dr. James J. Walsh, and a number of other prominent public men.

What will come of this preliminary discussion is still very much in the air; but that some practical step may result is at least to be hoped for, and can become a reality if the interest is maintained. Since I wrote to you before, one incident of extraordinary barbarism did manage to get reported in the American press, namely, the summary execution of Father Pro Juarez and several companions, on the mere suspicion of being implicated in a bomb outrage attempted on the person of former President Obregon. Father Pro Juarez died with his arms extended in the form of a cross, praying for his executioners. The newspapers carried a very vivid account of the execution and of the scenes that followed, when thousands of Catholics pressed round the body of the priest acclaiming him as a martyr. Even so, the newspapers did not carry the facts printed in the Mexican newspapers quoting the priest and his companions as absolutely denying their guilt. It was left for Mr. Carleton Beals, an American living in Mexico City, who is regarded as one of the

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leading apologists for the Mexican revolutionary government, to lift a corner of the veil of blood and smoke. He declared in the New Republic—to his lasting honor—that all Mexico had been shocked by this brutal outrage, and related, as the newspapers did not relate, the facts concerning the innocence of the victims.

I am sending you with this letter a copy of The Commonweal containing the article outlined above, and also a copy of the issue in which were published photographs taken by a newspaper agency in Mexico, acting under the authority of the Mexican government, showing Father Pro Juarez facing his executioners as Christ faced His. The letter press sent out with these pictures described the priest and his companions as rebels against the government, and it seems to have been the intention of the Mexican government to strike terror into its enemies by the publication of the pictures. They are producing a quite contrary effect.

Trusting that your first letter—which has drawn public attention to the religious situation in Mexico more effectively than all the American newspapers combined have done since the persecution started in 1926—may be followed by other words from you so that this most necessary work of enlightenment may be continued, and thanking you, as I think I may do, on behalf of the Catholic citizens of the United States who have been standing helplessly by while their fellow-Catholics have been slaughtered in Mexico, I am,

Faithfully yours,

MICHAEL WILLIAMS,
Editor.

PRESENTING MR. SMITH

By ELISABETH MARBURY

(The editor of The Commonweal asked Miss Elisabeth Marbury to set down her impressions and recollections of Governor Smith. Her paper is the response to this request.)

THERE is no more outstanding figure in the world of politics throughout this country today than Alfred E. Smith. He has captured the attention of all parties, he has inspired youth in every state. He has plodded on in the execution of his duties, and at the same time he has been meteoric and compelling in his progress. His is a great, vibrant, magnetic personality, harnessed to a deep-thinking mind. His memory is prodigious, his observation keen, his deductions accurate. He has the power of thinking true more than any man I have ever enountered. His eyes are deep-set, and always illumined by the brain behind them. His sense of humor is only equaled by his capacity for seriousness. He can laugh with a hearty laughter which at moments is perilously near the humanity of tears.

That he stands out at this time a dominant figure in the race toward the White House is not an accident It is a development. Ever since Alfred E. Smith was born he has been gravitating to high office. His ascent has been so natural that it has become almost automatic. He is a leader who was not made, because he *is*.

In reading the over-abundant literature which he has inspired one always notes that steady advancement has been the keynote of his life. Everything he has done has been on the upgrade, and while he has mounted gradually the intervening distances have been successfully covered.

Alfred E. Smith never slid down-hill so that he lost his footing. His alpenstock has been moral courage, and the spikes of his shoes have been confidence in his vision and certainty of his facts. In looking at the sky, he has always stood on solid rock. Never for a moment has he lost his balance. His anger is righteous. His emotions are justified. He never goes off the handle because he invariably holds it. Whatever he does, he does it with his might. He is like a child in his enjoyments because he has the heart of a child in his simplicity. He has absolute confidence in himself without the slightest complex of conceit. There is no room for the ego in his composition. He knows that he is a mere unit in God's plan of the universe. He recognizes truths which are so much larger than himself that he grasps them with success while struggling to make them articulate to the world.

Yet with all of these God-given essentials I am frequently asked if I think Alfred E. Smith has the qualities which would make him the right man to occupy the White House as the President of these United States. His possible limitations as our chief executive are pointed out by those who completely ignore the very remarkable way he has for three terms governed the most important state in the country, populated as it is with every sort and condition of man. He has done his task so admirably that he has focused the attention of the entire world upon himself and his career. He has never been compelled to resort to publicity because his achievements have created it.

His is a long record of political accomplishment born of political acumen and inspired by the highest moral integrity. He has never traded with himself. Study his career in detail and you will find therein that in every crisis he has refused to be a moral poltroon, to be a tool, to be forced into any position which would necessitate his apologizing to himself.

The first time I met Governor Smith, he was stretching his wings in the Assembly. Afterward I saw him at intervals until I had the honor in 1918 to become identified with his first gubernatorial campaign. His characteristics were then, as now, utter frankness

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which was most disarming, a desire to know the truth, a keen intuition as regards men. Nothing ever could be "put over" on him, although he is far too shrewd not to realize that at times a waiting game is the best. I have often seen him listen to some glib orator who wanted to whitewash himself, but there was never "anything doing." Governor Smith was "on" but the other fellow did not know it.

It is extraordinary that in the minds of some, the precedent of ruling effectively and well over a state like New York seems to have no bearing upon the qualities required in the chief executive of the nation. The imaginary chasm suggests a possible ignorance of foreign countries and of foreign policies, the basic fact being forgotten that that which is of primary importance is that the President of these United States should understand every class and every condition in his own country; that he should be familiar with the needs of the many, and not merely with the interests of the few; that every economic problem that is American should be his to solve because he has not only studied such problems academically but has lived them humanly.

The President of these United States is here to welcome and provide for the stranger who comes within our gates, whose education here is more vital than the education he left behind in the old country. There has never been a citizen or an administrator who has personally done more to project welfare work in this state intelligently than has Governor Smith. He has demonstrated over and over again that the recognition of human needs need not conflict with either intelligence or justice. What he has accomplished in this direction despite the chronic opposition of his political opponents, would fill a volume in its recital.

The state of New York has become humanized, thanks to his efforts. He has never faltered in pursuing the right once he was convinced of its claims. He has been without prejudice and without bias. His mind, like the minds of all great men, is elastic. He is willing to learn and to be told.

He is not a reader in any collegiate sense, but with a rapidity and discernment which are amazing, he can at a glance divorce the crux of any argument from the verbosity which may envelop it. Governor Smith's power of rapid mental digestion is almost superhuman. His mind never stops working. It always clicks.

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind as to his ability to study with celerity and to act with judgment upon any foreign question which might be presented to him.

I have known many academic and so-called scholarly minds that move so slowly that, in an emergency, action would be rendered impossible. When war is threatened, when war measures have to be devised, when critical situations have to be dealt with, there is not, as a rule, very much time given in which to reach decisions by consulting text-books and by reading history. At that vital moment when King Albert of Belgium uttered his ultimatum, he did not first send for his librarian to advise him as to any precedent.

Our country has suffered not once but many times from the rule of the brain divorced from the rule of the heart. When both mind and heart can be combined in the person of one individual we have reached, it seems to me, the highest standard of any national requirement. No one respects learning and the advantages of education more than Governor Smith, yet he has lived to know that general cultivation and familiarity with the traveled centres of the world do not necessarily produce its legitimate leaders. Many other things have had to be considered in recent years, especially since the upheaval in 1914.

While the interests of capital just as much as the interests of labor must be safeguarded, the one is not to be allowed to trample upon the other. They must be made allies in the fairest sense. Our material prosperity must be encouraged, but with this must go the education of those master minds who direct it so that they recognize the partnership which together and not separately is responsible for it.

While Governor Smith is of humble origin—he was a toiler from his youth up, as he started from the sidewalks of New York—it does not seem to me that this should have any influence in presenting him as a candidate for the Presidency.

Another great service can be laid at his door in the state of New York. Governor Smith has supported the campaign for good roads, not because he was thinking of these as a luxury for the enjoyment of motorists, but because he knows that roads mean facilities for the farmers; that it is not enough to raise produce, but that it must be marketed. Farms must be brought to the cities. To invest in good roads is to invest in prosperity. As more miles of good roads are constructed, we have fewer farms deserted and more farms purchased. The movement back to the soil becomes the natural impulse.

The question before the voters of this country is whether, as a mature man, Alfred E. Smith today possesses the integral qualities which would make him worthy of the confidence of the citizens who will review his claims when the propitious time arrives. He stands on his own feet, his life is an open book, he has nothing in his record to conceal, for whatever mistakes he may have made, they have always been constructive to his own character. He has learned from his faults as well as from his virtues. No apology need be made for him. His great assets are sincerity and simplicity, wisdom and acumen, integrity and courage, faith in the honor of manhood and respect for the purity of womanhood. He has proved a great vote-getter. With women he is a favorite because they believe in him and in his ideals.

To sum up, Governor Smith is a man who can look you straight in the face, whose hand when you grasp it inspires trust, whose eyes when you look into them reflect an honesty which leaves no room for doubt.

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SAINT PATRICK

By PADRAIC COLUM

HERE are asses carrying on their backs as much as would ordinarily fill an ass-cart—peats in one pannier, provisions in another with a sack of flour laid across the bare back for good loading. We have come out of the country where there are horses and pasture-lands; not yet have we come into the West of Ireland but this part of an inland county reminds us of counties that are on the Atlantic seaboard: we might see asses like these, driven by just such old women or barefooted girls, in Galway or Mayo. Irish speech, too, is heard here. There are boglands around; the fields have bunches of rushes growing up in them; flocks of bog-larks rise in these fields. We are in Cavan, an Ulster county, and we are beside Moy Slecht, one of the places in Ireland where assuredly Saint Patrick stood.

He had come back to Ireland, to the ultimate western country, the missionary of Christian Europe, the envoy of the Roman world. He had been in Ireland before, the captive of a barbarian lord. Years of captivity went by. Christianity, which had not been fervent among his people nor in himself before his misfortune, became a living thing within him; now, between his fifteenth and twentieth years, was his conversion, now all he was to do was decided. He had intimations that he knew were divine. Sometimes he offered up a hundred prayers in the day. Often he rose before dawn, and, in the woods or upon the hillsides, in frost, in hail and in snow, offered up his heart to God. For him the Roman community in Britain, although a doom was over it, stood for civilization; his dream was to return to it. Once he heard a directing voice; he made a flight; he discovered a ship about to sail from Ireland. After he had come to the ship he had moments of tragic suspense. He was willing to work his passage to the port to which the vessel was bound. The proposal he made was entertained by the mariners, but afterward the ship-master objected, saying sharply, "Nay, in no wise shalt thou come with us." This disappointment, coming as the end of his captivity seemed to be in sight, was bitter. He turned away from the mariners to seek shelter. As he went he prayed, and before he had finished his prayer he heard one of the crew shouting behind him. "Come quickly, for they are calling you." The ship-master had been persuaded to forego his objections, and Patrick, now about twenty-one years of age, set sail from Ireland in rough company.

The ship, the cargo and the voyage were as strange as any romance-writer need devise: dogs were part of the cargo—great Irish wolfhounds. The crew wished to enter into a compact of friendship with him, but Patrick refused to be adopted by them. They reached port and then made a journey overland; they wandered through a desert country for eight and twenty days; many of the dogs became exhausted and were left to die on the road. What was the desert land they traversed? Probably southern Gaul. "It was the last night of the year 406 that the Vandals, Suevi, Alani and Burgundians burst into Gaul." The picture of the desolation which he gives has helped Professor MacNeill to date Saint Patrick's journey.

Apparently Patrick and his company went into Italy; afterward he wandered back to the south of France. For a while he stayed at a monastery on an island in the Mediterranean. Then, after great labors, he won home again to his friends in Britain.

We know now where his native place was: the researches of Professor MacNeill, published just a year ago, in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, have cleared up that long-debated matter. Patrick's native place was Abergavenny, in the country that is now Wales. There was still a Roman organization there in 401, the year, according to Professor MacNeill's conjecture, of Patrick's capture.

> From Bath, Aquae Solis, an important Roman town, a Roman road led to the Severn estuary, and was connected by an established ferry (traiectus) with the great road which ran from the military station of Venta Silurum northward to another important military centre, Viriconium, and thence to Deva, now Chester, also a military station of great strategic importance. Not far from Venta, this road reached the Usk at Isca Silurum. Here a western branch traversed the southern seaboard of Wales as far as Maridunum. The main road, turning northward at Isca, passed through Burrium and Gabannium, Abergavenny, both on the river Usk.

Here, along ways that still communicated with the Roman centre lived communities loyally Roman, if not fervently Christian. Patrick spoke the language of the British Celts as well as the Latin tongue. But at the time he was taken captive—he was fifteen then, it is surmised—he had not been trained in the schools. He speaks in his confession of his inability to write good Latin,

> apologizing that he has not had the double advantage that others [of his calling and station] have had, who, as is most fitting, have been educated in sacred literature, and have not lost the Latin speech of their childhood, but have rather constantly acquired a more refined use of it, whereas he, as his style, he says, betrays, was forced in youth to adopt a strange language in place of Latin.

Professor MacNeill remarks acutely:

> His style, indeed, suggests that, like many a candidate for examination in our time, his conscious weakness in Latin composition caused him to fill out his sentences with phrases taken from other writings, and not always apt to express the intended sense.

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Well, on this Christian community that still had communication with the Roman centre, the Irish raiders descended in 401. These booty-seekers were probably under the command of the high-king, Niall. The household of the decurion Calpurius hardly survived the raid: its youthful heir was taken together with its man-servants and maid-servants. Thousands of captives were carried off from Britain by these particular raiders. They were sold as slaves, as Patrick tells us, and were scattered among many tribes, near and far, even to the most remote part of the land.

Roman power, which had long been gradually and steadily decaying, was many stages further on toward its dissolution when Patrick returned to Britain. Irish settlements had succeeded Irish raids, and there were now Irish kingdoms bordering the places in which Patrick had known Roman communities. And a British chieftain holding Roman power irregularly, he whom Welsh history knows as Cunedda, was attacking the Irish settlements and organizing the land—the land we now know as Wales—as a British Celtic kingdom. Patrick felt an impulse to return to the place of his slavery. The impulse became a call. In a dream he saw a man standing by his side. He had come from Ireland, as Patrick knew, and in his hand he held a bundle of letters.

> And he gave me one of these, and I read the beginning of the letter which contained the voice of the Irish, and as I read the beginning of it I fancied I heard the voice of the folk who were near the wood of Fochlad, nigh to the western sea. And this was the cry, "We pray thee, holy youth, to come and walk among us as before." I was pierced to the heart and could read no more, and thereupon I awoke.

But years of preparation in southern Gaul were to go by before he heard the actual voices of the Irish people. It was twenty-five years after he had taken ship from Ireland, in or about his forty-sixth or forty-seventh year, that Patrick returned to the land in which he had spent six years as a captive.

Again he stood in the place of his youth's captivity. It was in northeast Ulster, in the modern counties of Antrim and Down. The ancient name of the territory was Dalriada; the kingdom of Dalriada was Pictish, and it remained Pictish until the eighth century. The most powerful king in Ireland at the time was Laegaire (Laery) the second in succession from Niall who had carried off Patrick as a captive. Laegaire claimed to be Ardi-ri, high-king or emperor of the Irish—but it is doubtful if his authority was very real in the outlying kingdom of Dalriada. Patrick went to Tara and preached before the high-king. Laegaire did not adopt the new creed, but he put no obstacles in the way of Patrick's mission.

It cannot be merely a legend, it must be historically true that he came to the place that I look on now. Here stood the idol that had genuine popular worship and that drew offerings from the folk. Here was the precinct of Cromm, the sky-god of the older races, the giver of fertility to the furrow. At Hallowe'en, the moment between autumn and winter, the people came with their offerings. The idol was on a height; pilgrims approached it across a lake. Patrick, says the legend, came and touched Cromm with his crozier, and Cromm bowed down to him. Probably Patrick put the place under solemn interdiction, so that his worshipers gradually departed from Cromm. In a folk-tale the one who once was a god of the folk has become the servant of Patrick.

> Crom Duv, Saint Patrick's servant, was asked by the fairies to put the following question to his master: "What time will the Slanagh Sidhe go to Paradise?" "Not till the Day of Judgment, for certain," answered the saint. Before that the good people used to put the sickles in the corn and the spades in the ground, and spade and sickle used to be seen working for men without visible assistance; but thenceforward the Sidhfir would do nothing.

He sat with three kings to revise the laws of Ireland. That revision was an acknowledgment that his mission had been successful, for it was to incorporate the new Christian teaching in the national law. But still Patrick looked on himself as an exile and a man of little account. The world that he felt he belonged to—the world of his father, the decurion—was perishing in his sight: the Roman legions had been withdrawn from Britain; Germanic pagans with Gaels and Picts were rending what was left of the Roman order. Nay, Christianity itself was no restraint upon men who had knowledge of the Latin language and who claimed some shadow of Roman authority, for the soldiers of the king of North Britain massacred Patrick's converts and mocked the ambassador whom he had sent to rebuke them.

> In hostile guise they are dead while they live, allies of the Scots and apostate Picts, as though wishing to gorge themselves with the blood of innocent Christians whom I, in countless numbers, begot to God and confirmed in Christ. On that day following that on which the newly baptized in white array were anointed with the chrism—it was still gleaming on their foreheads while they were cruelly butchered and slaughtered—I sent a letter with a holy presbyter, whom I taught from his infancy, with some clerics, to request that they would allow us some of the booty or of the baptized captives whom they had taken. They jeered at him.

And then in that epistle comes the bitter cry of the exile—an exile none the less, although twenty years had been spent in laboring in Ireland and he was now an old man:

> Did I come to Ireland without God or according to the flesh? Who compelled me—I am bound by the spirit—not to see any of my kinsfolk? Is it from me that I show godly compassion toward that nation which once took me captive and harried the men-servants and maid-servants of my father's house? I was free-born according to the flesh. I am born of a father who was a decurion, but I sold my nobility, I blush not to state it, nor am I sorry for it, for the profit of others.

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He did not know it, but he was doing for Roman civilization what soldiers and administrators had been unable to do for it—he was creating for it reserve forces. Later on, when the Christian and the Roman principles were all but destroyed in his Britain, the successors of the men whom he was ordaining were to bring back and reinstate something derived from these principles. Very few men's labor had such fruit as this man's has had. The National Museum in Dublin has the little bell that he held in his hand when he summoned his congregation in the Ireland of 1,500 years ago—always and by all visitors it is looked at with special reverence. Beside it is a reliquary made in honor of the saint by one of the Norman lords of the West of Ireland—one of the De Briminghams: it is covered over with the figures of the French saints who were thought most about at the time—one thinks of how present Patrick is in comparison with any of them, and of how unique is the veneration in which he has been held by all comers into Ireland. And here where Patrick triumphed somehow over a popular paganism I think of what his words were when he spoke of himself—

> I, Patrick, a sinner, the most rustic, and the least of all the faithful, and in the estimation of very many deemed contemptible.

I think, too, of what the most penetrating of Irish writers, James Joyce, at one time said to me regarding him: "He was modest and he was sincere. . . . He waited too long to write his Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

THE RISE AND FALL OF A TOOTH

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

THE fall of Hesperopithecus from his former high position has been recorded in these pages and in the columns of the press generally. Yet the history of the affair is, in itself and in its implications, of such interest as to warrant a little closer consideration than it has received.

It is now some six years since a geologist in Nebraska sent to the American Natural History Museum a tooth which he had found in a fossilized condition. The experts there, and in particular that distinguished morphologist, Professor H. F. Osborn, decided that it was the tooth of a hitherto unrecognized anthropoid ape, which he thereupon called Hesperopithecus Haroldcookii after the discoverer of the specimen.

I have by my hand a dossier of writings concerning it and among them Professor Osborn's article (August 26, 1922) in Nature, the leading British scientific weekly, wherein he speaks of it as the first evidence of a primate of any kind higher than a lemur found after seventy-five years' search in all the western states. He alludes to the enthusiastic manner in which the discovery was welcomed by Professor Elliot Smith of London—who, however, had not seen the tooth—and to Professor Smith Woodward's article, also in Nature (June 10, 1922) which suggests that the tooth is really one belonging to an extinct bear and that "there is some reason to suspect that Hesperopithecus has received an inappropriate name." Never has any tooth—not even the twelve-inch "Tooth of Buddha," in Ceylon—received such attention as has that which we are considering. And now, in the end, it is discovered and admitted by its first describers that in fact it is not the tooth of a primate, nor of any kind of ape, but of a fossil peccary which is a beast belonging to the race of pigs.

None the less it has gone out in a certain blaze of glory, or at least honor, in that the mistake has been at once candidly owned up to by those who made it and, by the way, discovered it. The ordinary person may perhaps say that it is an extraordinary thing for anyone, let alone a man of science, to mistake the tooth of a pig for that of a man or something like one. The morphologist knows better than that, and in fact the thing must be obvious when it is considered that the tooth passed through the hands and endured the careful scrutiny of some of the most capable vertebrate morphologists now living. No. What it does show is that even such men may for a time be mistaken and that, until verified up to the hilt, it is well to exercise caution in accepting any new and startling scientific "facts" that may be presented to us.

Of course it is not the only case where a mistake has been made by first-class authorities, and one's mind at once reverts to the Bathybius incident. In 1872 the British government sent out a ship, H. M. S. Challenger, on a prolonged expedition, the chief object of which was the mapping out of the bed of the oceans, but which was also provided with an adequate corps of biologists and geologists for the collection of specimens marine and terrestrial. As they were collected, placed in preservatives and packed, these specimens were sent to England for examination by scientific men. Many of the smaller marine objects went to Huxley, then at the zenith of his fame, and these were preserved in alcohol.

Huxley observed in the bottles containing these specimens a kind of slime structureless under the microscope. He came to the conclusion that this was the simplest form of life. Another great biological pundit at this date was Haeckel, whose reputation for accuracy was not then as fly-blown as it has since become. Haeckel in his classification of life began with what he called monera, a small lump of protoplasm

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with no nucleus. It did not matter to him that neither he nor anyone else had ever seen anything of the kind (nor, it may parenthetically be remarked, has anyone since); there ought to be such a thing—to suit his notions—and so let it be set down. It was not the only imaginary creature in his classification. When Huxley made his discovery, he very naturally thought of this as a kind of enormous monera formation, and he christened his find Bathybius Haeckelii. But amid the excitement caused by such a discovery by such a man, a still, small voice arose from an obscure inquirer who had carefully investigated this slime, to the effect that it was nothing more than a chemical compound caused by the action of the alcohol upon certain salts in the water around and within the sea-beasts. And so it turned out to be, as was very properly admitted by Huxley himself, when he had looked into the matter again.

The slime was not life nor anything like it, any more than were the rods of Mr. Burke, induced in bouillon by the action of radium, which he described in a large work as the beginnings of living things but which turned out to be chemical substances produced by the action on the beef tea of the impurities always associated with radium. Passing to another incident, I have at my side a flaming account in an English paper headed in scare type: Man a Million Years Old. It interests me because the writer of the article, modestly hidden from the public as "A Man of Science," took occasion to rebuke me for some statements which I had made, and for which I remain impenitent, about the manner in which primitive man was—and is—described by over-imaginative persons. The object held up as a warning to me was found in the Patagonian Andes and was claimed, by an apparently competent authority, to be the fossilized skull of a man. Its reign was short, for when it got to New York it was at once recognized as nothing in the world but an oddly shaped natural lump of stone. Thus there are not wanting instances to render one cautious in the matter of too rashly accepting what purport to be very unusual finds.

But there is another point in connection with the tooth in question which deserves passing notice. Very careful comparisons were made between it and the molar teeth of the thing—whatever it may have been—which has been named Pithecanthropus Erectus. Before one takes anything else as a standard of comparison, one wants to be absolutely certain that one knows all about that standard. Is that the case with the thing in question? It is a matter worth considering, seeing how popular Pithecanthropus Erectus has become today.

The remains were found by a young Dutch surgeon near the river Begawan in the district of Trinil in Java, and consisted of the top of a skull, a thigh-bone and a couple of molar teeth—not in close juxtaposition, by the way, for the thigh-bone was fifteen metres from the skull. The specimens were exhibited at the International Zoölogical Congress in 1898. I was present at it; happened to stay in the same college with Dr. Dubois; and was allowed to handle the specimens at my leisure. I have at my side the paper in which he described them fully (Transactions of the Royal Dublin Society, 1896). Yet in spite of this publicity, within the last few weeks a work by a scientific man of reputation has been issued (one of Benn's sixpenny series, too, intended for a wide popular circulation) in which the writer commits himself to the ridiculous statement that Dubois has kept these things hidden away "under the influence, it is stated, of the Roman Catholic Church." More fatuous rubbish never was set forth in print.

However, these "hidden" fragments have been sufficiently well known to be criticized by some score of first-rate authorities on the human skeleton. And with what result? De Mortillet collected the opinions some years ago, and remarked on the curious fact that they not only differed very greatly but that they were "parquées par nationalités"; seven of the authorities, almost all English, said it was the skull of a man of low grade; five, all German, that it was that of a monkey; and seven, chiefly French but including Dubois himself, that it was an intermediate creature between man and ape.

And precisely the same divergence exists today, for in a work published within the past few months Osborn claims that it is the skull of a Dawn Man as he calls it, while Marcelin Boule, the greatest living authority, perhaps, says that if we had not found the thigh-bone (which only possibly belongs to the other specimens) we should have been certain that the beast was an ape, and hazards the suggestion, for he does not go further than that, that it was the skull of a huge ape. Is not the eminent Jesuit biologist, Father Wasmann, amply justified when he says, "It is nothing short of an outrage upon truth to represent scanty remains, the origin of which is so uncertain as that of Pithecanthropus, as absolute proof of the descent of man from beasts, in order thus to deceive the general public"?

The fact of the matter is that too many scientific men forget, if they have ever learnt, one golden rule of logic, with which I shall conclude. There is a species of man, Homo Heidelbergensis, founded on a single jaw-bone dug out of sands near the Neckar. Within the past few weeks a man of science has announced a new race of men based on the discovery of two back-teeth in the Chou Kou Tien deposit near Pekin, in China; this race he calls Sinanthropus, which being interpreted means no more than Chinese man, as in fact he was—if it was a man. Well, what is that golden rule? Too long to tattoo on the back of a hand, but perhaps "Remember" might be inscribed on the back of the right hand, not to recall the luckless Charles I of England, but as the commencement of the never-sufficiently-to-be-praised rule: "Remember not to argue from the particular to the general."

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COMMUNICATIONS

A PAN-AMERICAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In submitting, in The Commonweal, a plan for the holding of a Pan-American Catholic Congress, a hope was expressed that it might stimulate an energetic discussion. I sincerely seconded this hope, and looked expectantly in the last two issues for some evidence of an awakened interest in the subject.

To quote a portion of the article in question:

"There are some twenty millions of Catholics in the United States. The Catholics of Canada constitute something like 40 percent of its population. The varied Central and South American countries are almost overwhelmingly Catholic. In some of these countries—Mexico is the leading instance—the Catholic Church as an organization has been violently oppressed. In other Latin-American countries the Church and state carry on their work in amicable relations. In others again the situation, while not so acute as it is in Mexico, is nevertheless disturbed and dangerous.

"Catholics in the United States for the most part possess only the vaguest knowledge of political, economic and religious conditions in Latin-American countries. Latin Americans, on the other hand, probably have still less knowledge of the condition of the Catholic Church in the United States, and of how its progress as an organization has prospered through the absolute separation of Church and state.

"For these reasons and many others that might be stated, the good results that might follow the organization of a Pan-American Catholic Congress are incalculable."

Are not the foregoing considerations good reasons why a Pan-American Catholic Congress would not be advisable? Americans would have to understand the Latin-American mind and traditions far better than they do now, and the Latin Americans likewise would have to understand Americans. The confusion of tongues and minds would recall the confusion that prevailed at the building of the tower of Babel. No! A Pan-American Congress would not be feasible for several generations. At best it would never be more than a big spectacle, exerting no influence on the Catholic masses, and leaving no inspiring memories.

Catholics of South America would be best served by the example of a successful Catholic Congress in the United States: an example that they could follow, adjusting its lessons to their particular needs. This would bring about a better understanding, and would be bound to promote good feeling between the Americas.

We in the United States have much to learn about each other before we attempt to lead the western hemisphere. We are such great strangers to one another that I would not advocate even a national Catholic Congress. An attempt at such was made at Baltimore in November, 1889. It was hastily called together in connection with the celebration of the centenary of the establishment of the hierarchy in the United States. But only two days were allotted to it. So while called a Catholic Congress, it should, in truth, have been considered a notable convention of Catholic men. Nevertheless it attracted widespread attention, and the press of the entire country gave it conspicuous notice. A number of leading journals editorially predicted it to be the beginning of a new era for Catholicity. Yet aside from some of those who attended the Congress, no memories of it have survived.

A committee was appointed to prepare for a subsequent Congress. This was held in Chicago in connection with the World's Fair in 1893, but the Baltimore committee had nothing to do with it, and it adjourned "sine die."

The truth is that the United States is too big for a national Catholic Congress. Instead of one, many should be held, and the more successful ones would mark out the programs for the others.

The influence of a Congress should extend to every household in every parish in the land. Therefore the best and most effective Congress would be the diocesan Congress. These might be held annually, and archdiocesan Congresses every three or four years. I can imagine that if the great archdiocese of New York were divided into two general Congresses, one to consist of the dioceses of Newark, Long Island and New York, and the other to consist of the remaining dioceses of the province, the results would be far more fruitful than if they were held together.

A Catholic Congress in the various dioceses of the United States would reveal material for growth and development that would astonish even those most conversant with existing conditions. It would discover great forces at hand ready to be turned into benefits of incalculable value, values that are now in danger of being misspent or lost. It would bring together separated elements, crystalizing them into great movements to the enduring glory of God and His Church.

We need big men, men of vision, men of courage, men of enthusiasm, men of lofty idealism, men of high standards and commanding thoughts; and men grow big by having big things to do.

The peoples of the earth look to America for leadership and American Catholics should be prepared to take their full share in that leadership. The Catholics of the world look to us for inspiration, and Catholic Congresses will qualify us to meet the duties and responsibilities awaiting us. Our American Catholic manhood must now awaken to the fact that in order to be equal to the opportunities and demands of the present, it must be prepared to carry out a bigger program than any program of the past. It must inaugurate a greater plan of development than was ever conceived by any former generation. Then and then only will it assume the leadership for which the world is waiting.

M. JOSEPH HARSON.

OUR MISTAKE

Princeton, N. J.

TO the Editor:—In your editorial comment, published on March 7, on a letter sent to Time from someone in the Princeton Theological Seminary, you give the impression that the Department of History in Princeton University is in some way responsible for the interpretation of history set forth by the writer of the letter. Do you not know that the Princeton Theological Seminary is not a part of Princeton University, and that the Department of History in Princeton University is not responsible for the instruction in history which the members of the Seminary body have received?

I realize that editors are busy men and mistakes of fact are easy to make. What I find less pardonable is the apparent lack of willingness to give Princeton University the benefit of the doubt until the facts are established. I am at a loss,

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too, to understand why you had to mention President Hibben by name in this connection. Did you wish to give your readers the impression that the Department of History in Princeton University is giving a distorted interpretation of the facts of history and that President Hibben is at fault in allowing this to go on? Whether intended or not, I fear that this is the impression that your editorial will create.

I wish that you would correct editorially the erroneous impression given by your editorial of March 7. I would much prefer that to the publication of this letter. If, however, you prefer not to follow the former course, I must ask you to publish this communication.

DAVID A. MCCABE,
Department of Economics,
Princeton University.

Princeton, N. J.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of March 7 you have occasion to remark, in your paragraph commenting upon the defense of Heflinism offered by a writer from the Princeton Theological Seminary:

"One . . . suggests that before another such letter gets out of Princeton, President Hibben lend an inquisitive eye to the kind of history being taught in his university. The young should be made to acquire some understanding of the facts they tabulate so neatly in their memories, lest in rushing to print with their views they remind us altogether too forcibly of a certain familiar saying by one Alexander Pope."

To that may I not quote the inelegant and outmoded but still occasionally fitting rejoinder: "So's your old man"?

The fact is that this Seminary has no connection whatever with Princeton University nor President Hibben with it, and that to many graduates of Princeton University it is a matter of horror and disgust that this illiberal and bigoted institution should be known officially as the "Princeton Theological Seminary." The writer upon whose letter to Time you comment has cast a slur upon the Catholic Church, but your own misunderstanding of the facts has cast a similarly undeserved slur upon Princeton University.

ALUMNUS, '12.

(We regret that complete forgetfulness of mind on our part allowed the erroneous identification of Princeton University with Princeton Theological Seminary to get into print. The purpose of the note was, of course, not to cast a slur upon Princeton or any other university, but to castigate the theologian who had hurried to the defense of Heflin. We accept the corrections offered by the writers of the letters printed above in toto, and trust that our sincere apology will compensate for the blunder.—The Editors.)

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of January 4, Mr. Charles Byrnes emphasized his contention "that prohibition has brought about a remarkable improvement in social conditions as compared with the social conditions that existed prior to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment," and "that the large consumption of alcoholic beverages has been very materially decreased by prohibition."

In a reply (issue of January 25), after admitting the importance of Mr. Byrnes's conclusions, "if sound," and expressing amazement that he appeared not to appreciate that personal observations, to have value in connection with the investigation of such a subject as the general and specific benefits of national prohibition, must necessarily be statistical and amenable to analysis and criticism, I challenged him to submit facts to support his "observations."

Now, in your issue of February 29, Mr. Byrnes comes forward with a tacit admission that he is unable to cite one instance in which a person addicted to the excessive use of alcohol prior to the Amendment now abstains because of the law; or one instance in which a person who had been impoverished by the use or abuse of alcohol, prior to the Amendment, now maintains better standards of living or a bank account, as a result of the legislation; or one instance in which a formerly regulated saloon was closed and not later offset by the opening of an unregulated place where liquor is still sold.

I note that Mr. Byrnes merely seeks to "broaden discussion on a live topic." Well, I submit that the discussion ought to be narrowed instead of broadened. And that is exactly what I tried to do in my original reply.

Frankly, I am extremely anxious to meet up with one of those dry "observers" of the benefits of prohibition and cross-examine him on precisely the benefits he thinks he observed. I should like to know where, how and in how many instances the "observer" observed specific benefits of this latest futile attempt at legislative coercion. But mere generalities will not do.

I have made a fair offer to go to Pittsburgh and check Mr. Byrnes's facts. Am I to understand that this offer is declined?

JOHN M. GIBBONS.

CATHOLICS AND PROHIBITION

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—If Father Lambing will read carefully Number 16 of The Commonweal, he will find therein editorial expressions suggesting one possible answer to his question "Why do some good Catholics favor alcohol and despise prohibition?"

When a Catholic publication as fair as The Commonweal on all other questions, says editorially, "Musing over the strange shapes of hatred, malice and intolerance that have grown up from the Volstead law, Mr. John Erskine grows dismal," it is not surprising that many Catholics conceive the belief that the attitude of the Church itself in these words is set forth

The usuror, by evading the law against illegal interest, has created as much "hatred, malice and intolerance" as has the bootlegger by violating the Volstead act. In each case the motive is illicit gain, yet no one suggests the repeal of the anti-usury law in order that its violators may be given a free hand. Only for the bootleggers is there any solicitude, and only the business of distributing alcoholic beverages is sacrosanct.

In the same editorial the writer states that it is only some of us who poison non-poisonous alcohol, and then prohibit chemists from informing the purchaser of it that he will be in danger if he drinks it.

Wayne Wheeler is classed with Torquemada and John Calvin, but nothing is said about the William Lloyd Garrisons and the Wendell Phillipses who insisted on the abolition of another form of human slavery, and who, in their time, were more villainously reviled by the slaveholders and their sympathizers than are the prohibitionists of today by those who desire to exploit our human weaknesses for unlawful gain.

FRANK HOPKINS.

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SONNETS

The Elder Sister

All that a life may hold which others save
As hoarded treasure was her sacrifice.
She had birth's dowry, yet each pearl she gave
Despoiled the spirit's richness as its price.
What of those fingers lithe with ecstasy,
Those girlhood eyes that burned the summer through?
What of the lips whose song was never free
To win, like others' songs, the beauty's due?

What of the years that claimed so cruel a tax?
They brought her here to this reluctant door.
She is too aged in giving to relax,
Too spent to be expectant any more.
Now pity her if pity must be free:
Where blossoms blew no fruit hangs on the tree.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Pride

Now I shall say, when next with careful art
And careful smile, and well-designèd chaff,
He opens up my wounds, and chokes a laugh:
"Dear friend, probe deeper, for I know my heart
At last by grace of God. Oh trust the dart
Far as you dare, or wield your heavy staff—
Then the quick net, the sword, the long-toothed gaff;
I shall die quickly, if you play your part."

Thus I prepare for him, but when he comes,
Pride, startled from the dust where it has lain
Viciously strikes him, and the sudden drums
Of anger throbbing, coils and strikes again;
Marks his smile paling, and with satisfied lust
Settles back watchful-eyed into the dust.

VINCENT ENGELS.

The Phoenix

I am a phoenix, and my peacock's tail
Is gaudy and flaming with a rainbow pride;
The comb that crowns my kingly head is dyed
Red with my anger; my swollen body is pale
With lust and envy, and the feathers fail
To cover up my leprous flesh, or hide
The sores of desperation in my side—
Now all my splendor is of no avail.

Thy side is gaping also, where the spear
Flung open the furnace of Thy Sacred Heart;
There I will plunge to win a second birth
From the womb of death and fire, and appear
Fresh with Thy life and finery, to start
On a new flight of glory over earth.

RICHARD LINN EDSALL.

On the Spaniard's Contentment

On fair España's plazas men have walked,
Pondering her people and their mystery:
With fair España's children have they talked,
Wond'ring the while at a philosophy,
That, skilled in present use of time, can make
A time as timeless as Infinity,
And in the moment, from the moment, take,
A moment dateless as the moon-stirred sea.

Now this were true achievement, to ignore
This futile counting of the ageless plan,
And looking neither backward nor before,
Deem present season somewhat fairer than
A season spent, a season yet to start,
'Tis thus they place contentment in the heart.

HERBERT FORBES DAWSON.

To Pittsburgh

Below: grey banks, great barricades of stone,
A river serpent sliding to the sea,
Red insect roofs of houses curiously
Engraved in flashes—for millflame alone
Escapes the morphia haze that hides the moon
And shrouds a thousand smokestacks icily:
The grind of engines rises angrily
Above the town's gargantuan monotone.

Steel city, I have heard your earthly heart,
Have seen the green that grew where stone is grey,
Have loved the legends which you would impart
Of these three streams that once were starry; know
Your hills were proud with tree and peace and spray.
If you are Moloch, man has made you so.

THOMAS V. BOGGS.

Noblesse Oblige

Because he did more work than other men,
The public ever asked him to do more;
And having found a welcome at his door,
Always assumed the right to come again.
Greatness was his? He must be gracious, then,
And listen patiently to every bore;
The world had given him the wreath he wore—
He was the world's, no matter where or when.

And so he struggled with his master-work,
The fruit of solitude and loneliness,
In broken moments when he need not shirk
His duty to the people and the press:
So he gave interviews obligingly
And samples of his soul for charity.

ALICE GOULD.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Rope

THE South has come in for a heavy share in the current dramatic season. But this time it is lynching and revivalism rather than the problems of the Negro which hold the centre of the stage. Rope is a play based upon T. S. Stribling's novel, Teeftallow, and the story relates the doings in a small Tennessee village during the week in which the Reverend Tobe Blackman descends upon it to save all its eight hundred souls from perdition.

There has, of course, been a regular epidemic of spleen against revivalism since the publication of Elmer Gantry. Most of the plays on this theme, however, have attempted to show the inside commercialism of the business of soul saving, whereas the present play deals with its unhappy effects on mob action. Like nearly every other play of its kind, it has a grand old time poking fun at the hypocrisy, the hardness and the cruelty of the so-called good people of the community. The only worthy characters, humanly speaking, are the agnostics or the atheists. This fact alone should, I think, bar the play from serious discussion as a study of revivalism and its effects. Many of these modern writers and dramatists would be the first to laugh to scorn the old-fashioned type of play in which all the good people were angels and all the bad people incarnate devils. They would tell you that there is no such thing as people who are all black or all white. Yet they are falling with heavy flops right into the same dramatic or literary sin. The play or, so far as I know, the book has still to be written in which the full and almost terrifying complexity of the human soul will be laid bare under the stress of the more emotional types of religious exaltation. The play called Salvation, in which Pauline Lord recently appeared, is the first faltering approach to a saner treatment of this most interesting subject. Certainly Rope has no contribution to make, aside from its purely theatrical value as a play.

The theme of the author apparently is that a religious revival in a small community leads directly to mob violence and fanaticism, to a stirring up of sensuality, and ends simply by letting the whole community drop back into its old and unreformed ways. To illustrate his point, he indulges in what he considers such excellent comedy as a street revival scene in which all the worst characters of the town join in singing "There is power in the precious blood of the Lamb." He also indulges in plenty of profanity, in one or two cases of rape, in two lynchings, one flogging, and the attempt, although unsuccessful, to strip and whip from the town the unfortunate heroine of the piece. Naturally, some of the scenes of mob violence make for good theatrical effect. But the general impression of the play is distasteful through its forcing of extremes, and boring through its lack of real insight into character. There is hardly what we might term an individual character in the whole play. Nearly all of them are more or less arbitrary types who spew their hypocrisies, commit their crimes, utter their slanders, or drink their bootleg liquor entirely at the will and whim of the author. One does not have to be in the smallest sense a defender of revivalism to resent this kind of preposterous infidelity to life.

For the sake of the actors in this hodgepodge, it may be said that some parts of the play were very well done. Crane Wilbur, George Barbier, Mary Carroll and Elizabeth Patterson all did their determined best to give plausibility to the action, and, so far as the author permitted, lent the personal illusion of real characterization. In addition to Mr. Stribling, Mr. David Wallace contributed to the dramatization of the novel. (At the Biltmore Theatre.)

The Furies

MISS ZOE AKINS is one of those dramatists who are always reaching toward the expression of a fine or an exalted idea, but who somehow manage frequently to get lost in the realm dividing emotion from reason. In The Furies, which is now being used as a starring vehicle for Laurette Taylor, Miss Akins tries very hard to invest a mystery melodrama with some of the qualities of Eugene O'Neill's Strange Interlude, with vague portions of Hamlet, and with certain of the noisy winds of Greek tragedy. The attempt is unfortunately unsuccessful and disturbing. It simply obstructs the clear flow of the action without illuminating in any important way the mental struggle of the people concerned.

For one thing, however, Miss Akins does deserve our thanks. She has indicated by occasional fine moments of writing or dramatic action that it is possible to construct a mystery melodrama which will have overtones of real importance. It is not entirely Laurette Taylor's sensitive and sympathetic acting which hints at strange, hidden qualities in the character of Fifi Sands. The lines themselves indicate this, and all during the first act and part of the second, one feels the promise of some great revelation of character to come. Unfortunately this promise is never fulfilled, but you come away from The Furies persuaded that an author of richer insight and firmer power of thought, starting out with the same material, could have created a play of first-rate importance.

Laurette Taylor certainly deserves such a play. In many respects she is an artist of the very first calibre. She has a good deal of that strange, groping quality which we have come to associate almost exclusively with Pauline Lord. On the other hand she has a greater power of characterization than Miss Lord and certainly does not suffer from the latter's vocal monotony. Miss Taylor has a voice of substantial range and power, which she knows how to use with very telling effect. She also knows how to act with her entire body, so that she can convey quite as much by silence as by spoken lines. The last act, though it ends quite ridiculously, has in it certain moments which, thanks to Miss Taylor's pantomime, are as engrossing as any you can find in the theatre now. She is locked in a pent-house studio, far above the skyline of New York, with a maniac. There is no chance for the author to indicate in lines what goes through Fifi Sands's head as she gradually discovers the horror of her position, but in ten minutes of quite superb acting, Miss Taylor carries you through an extraordinary range of emotions, from discovery and horror to pity and understanding. It is quite worth sitting through the complexities and mediocrities of the rest of the play to see this one masterpiece of dramatic art. But I strongly advise anyone to leave the theatre before the termination of this scene if he wishes to keep intact his impressions of something far above the ordinary. Other members of the cast contribute here and there some fine bits in a heroic attempt to rescue the play, notably John Cumberland, Allan Campbell, Maurine O'Moor

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and Estelle Winwood. Next to Laurette Taylor's own work, however, the finest contribution is the series of stage settings by James Reynolds. The studio scene overlooking the New York skyline can be called nothing short of a masterpiece. (At the Shubert Theatre.)

Napoleon

WHEN you come to think of it, it is quite an extraordinary fact that in a long term of recent years there has been no important play in which Napoleon, the most dramatic figure of modern history, is the central character. Eugene O'Neill is probably the only American dramatist with the quality of mind to make a really searching study of Napoleon, but one doubts very much whether O'Neill would have any inclination to turn his efforts in this direction. Napoleon was not only a genius, but he was also a man whose life gathered within itself such vast and multiple experiences that the would-be dramatist stands almost aghast before the mere problem of elimination involved. What central theme can you take? Shall it be Napoleon in a moment of conflict with another great mind, such, for example, as Metternich? Or shall it be Napoleon the man caught up in the more human turmoil of love and parenthood? Or shall it be the great general with his mind bent to the task of scientific warfare? Or shall it be the audacious diplomatist summoning the crowned heads of Europe to sit at his feet and accept his dictation? Or shall it be the ruler, torn between his passion for France at peace and the driving force of his own egotism apparently compelling him to further conquest? Shall it be the young Corsican rising to power or the invalid emperor striving to re-create a kingdom in a hundred days? These are but a few of the themes opened up to the dramatist by the life of Napoleon. Any one of them is a challenge. Yet strangely enough the challenge has been, up to the present, almost unaccepted. This is by way of preface to the expression of a feeling of great regret that the play called Napoleon, by B. Harrison Orkow, is a dull and superficial attempt to handle a few aspects of this stirring subject.

The period covered is from the beginning of the hundred days to the death at St. Helena, and many of the incidents are, as the author indicates in a program note, purely imaginary. There is some attempt to keep the play from being merely episodic by crowding the action into three acts and four scenes, and also by introducing as a binding thread the character of the Countess Walewska—according to the playwright the one person who loved Napoleon unselfishly. Still, in spite of these precautions, the feeling of the play remains episodic, a sort of animated waxworks, in which we see various famed characters of the empire, but very little of the inner workings of Napoleon's mind. The dialogue has very little distinction. The outer expression of what are supposed to be very deep emotions is generally shallow and trite, and even where the playwright has allowed for dramatic stage moments, the effect has largely been lost in the unimaginative directing.

Lionel Atwill, as the central figure, is anything but colorful, and the supporting cast with one exception is singularly inept. That one exception is Selena Royle as the unhappy Countess. Miss Royle has a well-modulated voice and the ability to express tenderness without slipping into sentimentality. She manages to make many cold and unconvincing lines carry warmth and plausibility, and that is a test which should earn her a larger opportunity in some play of real distinction. Cleon Throckmorton has contributed some settings with genuine atmosphere. (At the Empire Theatre.)

BOOKS

Crashaw, Poet and Saint

The Poems of Richard Crashaw, edited by L. C. Martin. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

THE disregard with which modern critics for the most part have treated the poems of Richard Crashaw can no longer be palliated by the difficulties of finding a consecutive edition of his works or the lack of authoritative texts and commentaries on his life. Some fifty years ago when Grosart published his edition of Crashaw, and when his life was written for the Dictionary of National Biography, there were lacking many facts which are now in the possession of the scholar and are embodied in Dr. Martin's definitive edition.

In the entire realm of Catholic poetry, that field which throughout the middle-ages and the days of the Renaissance was practically a Catholic medium of art, there is no figure that may be even compared to Crashaw in English with the exception of Milton. Indeed, we may compose Chaucer, Milton and Crashaw into the trinity of our classic poetry; they are the old masters supreme in their art. With Crashaw we may go further and declare that through all the ages of our English literature he is the one poet, par excellence, inspired by the Catholic muse.

By the Catholic muse we intend what is essentially religious poetry, the direct lifting of the soul of man to the most sublime truth of which he is capable; the expression of intimate initiation, of symbolic declaration, where the positive senses fail to reach precise expression of the love and righteousness, the glory and tenderness, of the Divine. In Crashaw we find the faculty for this—the highest kind of poetry—developed to a degree loftier than in any other poet, certainly in the English language, and probably in any of the literatures of the world. Chaucer may appear to the critics as a world poet of a broader girth; in fact, the Catholic author of The Canterbury Tales may hold up his head with Shakespeare himself and stand not abashed before the poet of the Inferno. But Crashaw's muse leads him forth from his world and time into a cloister Paradise; he has renounced the affairs of men and deals only in the golden coinage of eternity. The characters and transient interests of his fellow-men disappear from a vision fixed in ardor on the noonday sun; the drama of humanity dies away in the ecstasy of union with God—in the mystical dénouement of eternity.

The story of Richard Crashaw's life is simple and uneventful in its worldly phase. It has the bald contrast of his parentage and his end; for he was the son of a noted baiter of the Pope and Papistry, a Yorkshire parson graduated from Saint John's, Cambridge, and preacher at the Temple in London where the poet was born in 1612 or 1613. His baptismal sermon was preached by the famous Dr. Usher who was soon to become the Lord Bishop of Meath in Ireland. The poet's early education was conducted privately, and, after 1629, at the Charterhouse, whence he entered Pembroke College, Cambridge, and was graduated bachelor of arts in 1634. Up to this date, and indeed right up to the appearance of his Steps to the Temple, in 1646, there is no evidence of any papal inclination in his works. His poem on the Gunpowder Treason is thoroughly Protestant; his Latin epigram on the shadow of Saint Peter is satirically critical. Nevertheless his early leanings toward a form of High Anglicanism show themselves in his question of the Protestant theory of justification by faith and in his denial of his father's contention that the Pope was Antichrist.

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Historical data on the eight or nine years following his graduation are scanty. He was elected to a fellowship at Peterhouse, the Laudian High-church college of Cambridge, and it was during this tenure that he took orders in the Anglican Church. His retirement from the university coincided with the violent attack of the parliamentary commissioners on the Monuments of Superstition or Idolatry surviving at Cambridge in 1643. For the next six years we must follow him through his wanderings in Holland, Oxford, Paris, Rome and Loreto. Dr. Martin gives a facsimile of his remarkable letter addressed to one of the Ferrers family, heads of the Little Giddings community in Leyden, indicating the great change that had come over him and apparently anticipating his plea for admission into the Catholic Church. This event is approximately fixed in 1646 and is associated with "the immortal obligation" he acknowledges to Susan, first Countess of Denbigh, Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Henrietta Maria whom she had accompanied to France.

In 1646 Crashaw makes his way to Rome, carrying the recommendation of the Queen to His Holiness, Innocent X. His pleas for assistance seem to have gone unregarded until Cardinal Palotto took him into his suite and, according to a letter of Sir Robert Southwell, granted him a pension of 200 crowns a year. It is said that the poet's position here was rendered unhappy by the irregularities of the Cardinal's household, whereupon His Eminence gained him the place of a beneficiatus (otherwise a canon) of the Santa Casa of Our Lady of Loreto on April 28, 1649. He filled this post until August 21 of the same year when he died of the fever and was buried "in tumulo sacerdotum," a site that is no longer identified.

Both the beginnings and end of Crashaw's life show forth in his poems: the splendors of middle-age and Renaissance culture that had survived the breaking up of the Catholic Church in England; the learning that sought to perpetuate itself under the non-conformist banners in the English universities are combined with the profound scriptural interests of the new religious thought; later on we find in Crashaw the high sense of surviving continental Catholic thought and art, the gathering climax of the spirit of the universal Church that gradually silences the voice of national traditions and leads the poet higher up the temple steps into a region mightier, grander and more sacrosanct than he had known before.

A special study is called for the Latin and Greek poems of this son of Cambridge; most of these have been put into English by his own hand. In the state of impersonal authorship that prevailed in his age the poet may well be examined carefully regarding the originality of many of these odes and epigrams. His renderings of such poems as the Dies Irae and O Gloriosa Domina show that his purpose was rather a broader orchestration of his ancient themes than a close rendering of their text. Crashaw took a venerated text just as Wagner was centuries later to elaborate upon some precious bit of song lore. His work preserves the savor of the original but there is a philosophizing and floriation of the thought that present a complete work of art in place of what is often the simplified compression of great mysteries and sacred dogmas.

In Crashaw we find a splendid emblazonment of the liturgical page. It is necessary to possess a full knowledge of Catholicity, its faith and practice, to appreciate properly the value and the beauty of much of his work; in fact the body of his poems may be held as a test of such capacity in his readers; and it is for that reason all the more deplorable that Catholic culture has not given this glorious demonstration of the Faith a deeper study and a more prominent place on the heights of its Parnassus.

It was not altogether left to Francis Thompson, perhaps the greatest of Crashaw's successors, to lay the tributes on the shrine of his memory. Cowley revered him both as poet and man; Alexander Pope praised and borrowed of his beauties; Shelley studied him effectively; Coleridge had his Hymn to Saint Teresa constantly in mind "while writing the second part of Christabel." The undeclared debt of all religious poets to his muse can never be fully appraised. He is the seraph voice of our English poetry; the norm of the sublime for every religious author; the herald of Italian, French and Spanish devotional literature into our native tongue; and the model for future writers when the heights of the sublime shall once more attract them to "the quintessence of phantasie and discourse centered in heaven"—not to mention profanely "those underheaded poets, retainers to seven shares and a halfe; madrigall fellowes whose onely business in verse is to rime a poore sixpenny soule, a subburb sinner, into hell."

THOMAS WALSH.

Within Narrow Limits

Juggler's Kiss, by Manuel Komroff. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

JUGGLER'S KISS is assuredly no novel; one questions whether it is even a story. It is too loosely constructed to be the first; and, except for the incidental narratives of the battle with the ants and of the famine ship, it is hardly real enough to be the second. The characters for the most part are shadows of people, each allegorical or at least symbolic in its presentation and treatment. Only to the rare mind and imagination could they be actual.

Does this, then, mean that Mr. Komroff's book is to be appreciated only by a chosen few? Hardly. The sensitive imagination more than any other will be troubled by it, baffled by its misty, inchoate symbolism, impressed perhaps but not satisfied. Such a reader, embarking upon what promises to be a wide sea, will be disappointed at finding himself so soon and so suddenly in such unnavigable shallows. He has been led to think that Mr. Komroff, through the desires and the disillusionments of his hero Dundee, is picturing the pity of universal experience, the "sunt lacrimae rerum" of Vergil; but he comes too soon to realize that the mental and spiritual chaos and confusion are the chaos and confusion only of Dundee and not of the world, and that Mr. Komroff, it may be in spite of himself, is asking tears for Dundee and not for the sad and mysterious lot of mankind, ever lured onward by the juggler's kiss of hope.

And therein, it seems at least to one reviewer, lies the pity of it. Mr. Komroff shares with many another of our novelists of the past year the inability to get beyond or above the outcry of the individual into the larger cry of the world. Because of that inability his book is small instead of large, his appeal narrow, his one character not typical but only an individual who rails against fate and God and circumstances. Juggler's Kiss accomplishes precisely what Miss Lehman's Dusty Answer accomplishes, or Miss Roberts's My Heart and My Flesh: one is touched with pity for the given character, who believes himself monstrously set upon and injured by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; one is absorbed for the time being in a given situation; but one goes no further.

The most impressive and satisfying portions of Juggler's Kiss are, in point of fact, the ones in which Dundee is absent.

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Gone for the moment are his bitter questionings as to the whys and wherefores of existence. The vagueness of the atmosphere clears; the fog rises; and we are given two stories which delight us with their splendid narrative, their clear-cut, swift succession of events, their stark irony. They are better commentaries on life than all of Dundee's ravings or the juggler's philosophizing. They deal on the one hand with ants and on the other with starving sailors. One breathes with quick relief at their concreteness.

Nor would one give the impression that these narratives hold any copyright on Mr. Komroff's good writing. He is an artist throughout with quick, clean strokes. One forgets neither the scenes in the Java grove nor those in the sculptor's studio for their descriptive detail. Nor does one easily rid his mind of the sharp clearness of such an intangible sentence as this: "Is not the most real thing in the world only a fragrance from some essence—?"

Charles Lamb contended that there is a certain dignity born of complete desolation, whereas a half-way state is likely to evoke only contempt. Dundee like many another character in and out of fiction might claim our higher regard if he railed less; and Mr. Komroff's book likewise might thereby widen its present narrow horizons.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

Lourdes from the Outside

The Secret of Lourdes, by Stuart Martin. New York: Frank-Maurice, Incorporated. $3.00.

THIS is one of the most curious, as it is one of the most interesting, books on Lourdes that it has been my good fortune to read. It is curious because it is rather difficult to determine precisely what the author is aiming at or what definite answer he gives to the rather intriguing question which forms the title of the book. It is interesting because it sets forth the story of Lourdes both graphically and comprehensively, while at the same time embodying a variety of statistical information that is not allowed to become dry or repellent, but adds greatly to the value of the book. Thus, by way of illustration, we read on page 236: "The actual number of verified cures varies yearly. The average between the years 1894 and 1903 was 157. In the year 1898 the number reached the high figure of 236." We fancy that these figures will be startling to many who thought they were well acquainted with Lourdes. The author's attitude may rightly be inferred from the paragraph immediately following the above statement:

"It has been suggested that, after all, these are not high figures considering the number of pilgrims . . . . There is really no way by which we may come to an accurate number of sick and ailing, nor is there any need to try. What do averages matter? Were the averages of Christ's healing miracles high in comparison with the need and the numbers of those who followed Him? If only one cure took place every year at Lourdes that one would require the same investigation and explanation as many."

This latter statement is undoubtedly true: it is the tale of Saint Denis's famous journey, the first step explained the whole. But it might be well to call attention to an apparently slight but really important defect in the comparison with Our Lord's miracles of healing. For, as we read in Saint Matthew, "and they presented to him all sick people . . . and he cured them." The Lord left thousands not cured in Palestine but apparently He did cure all who were presented to Him.

It is difficult to follow the author's purpose in analyzing the different explanations advanced to account for the cures at Lourdes. Personally the present writer confesses that he is unable to understand the meaning of the paragraph on consciousness and creation as setting forth the yogis' philosophy. It is rather strange to be asked to believe that "consciousness . . . retains the powers of creation," and that "when one uses the word 'creation' it is used in the supposition that matter was there to be created." We assume that in this and the exposition of other philosophies the author is not accepting these systems: but it would make for clearness if he said so explicitly. The story of the present-day struggle of the Established Church with "healing" is interesting. The author seems to have an exaggerated notion of the importance of Father Ignatius of Llanthony Abbey, whose name, we fear, does not carry much weight with the present generation, and who is recalled by the present reviewer as a person who intruded himself, sometimes, where he was not wanted, as when he tried to associate himself with this reviewer, who was reading the Catholic burial service in mid-ocean over a Catholic passenger who had died on the voyage.

Nor is the author's unfolding of the secret of Lourdes very clear. It is true that he denies that rationalism, materialism, Protestantism, hypnotism, magnetism, suggestion, auto-suggestion, can explain Lourdes: and states that the Roman Catholic Church does know that secret: "The Catholic Church has no hesitation in the matter. To it the shrine of Lourdes is a medium of communication with the Deity through the prayers and person of the Blessed Virgin." This seems positive enough but it becomes misty and clouded by the closing paragraphs.

On the whole we would repeat that the book is most interesting, partly because of the completeness of its description of the place and its phenomena, partly because of its revelation to us Catholics of how outsiders regard Lourdes and its connotations. It is a book that will be read with pleasure and profit by the believer.

Though it was published on May 1, 1927, it would seem to have been written long before that year, if we would judge by the allusion to Dr. Con. Nor does the author appear to have known Father Cros's monumental and practically definitive study of the beginnings of Lourdes. Were he acquainted with it, he would have revised what he has written about Bernadette's parents and changed his opinion of the value of L'Estrade as a witness, and perhaps modified his account of the activities of the préfet and police. The accepted story of the beginnings of Lourdes will have to be rewritten in the light of that exhaustive treatise. Particular attention will have to be paid to the "false visionaries" who sprang up at once and cast such reasonable doubt upon the reality of the apparitions.

Some inaccuracies must be pointed out. Surely the author knows enough about Catholics to know that the pilgrims to Lourdes do not adore the statue of the Virgin. Nor is there any trade in relics unless the term is meant to cover the heterogeneous collection of medals, etc., displayed in the numerous shops, booths, etc. It is not true that there are many Jew traders at Lourdes. That canard was exploded some time ago. "Majestic" is scarcely the term fitting to describe the "triple churches." Nor are we disposed to speak of the sorrow of Martha and Mary as "despair." It is bad taste, to say the least, to characterize the prayers outside the piscinae as "the incantations of the black-robed priests." What the author calls a "benediction" in front of the Rosary basilica is really the chanting of the credo. And I wonder if his references to M. Bertin are not really to M. Bertrin?

JOSEPH H. MCMAHON.

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The Laborers Are Few

The White Harvest: A Symposium on Methods of Convert Making, edited by Reverend John A. O'Brien, with a preface by Right Reverend Francis C. Kelley. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

THERE has recently been an increased interest in a study of converts to the Catholic Church in this country, and an awakening to the fact that the growth of the Church through conversions is pitifully small. Approximately thirty-five thousand converts were reported last year by the Catholic Directory. If we add to this about eight thousand as the proportion for the dioceses not reporting, we have 43,000. But even if we make this a round number of 50,000, this would only be about two converts a year for each priest in the United States. And at 50,000 converts a year—assuming a stationary population and no leakage—it would take 1,800 years to convert the whole country.

And while we believe the Church will endure forever, nevertheless we ought to work faster than that. And so Father O'Brien deserves our gratitude for collecting these papers of some very successful convert makers, and for attempting to put the whole question on a more practical basis than it has heretofore been.

Among the definite suggestions made is that of Father John Duffy, that a course in convert-making should be given in every seminary. Incidentally, one large diocese has made arrangements for such a course. And if every seminary followed this example, undoubtedly it would be a great help, as everything calculated to arouse the future priests to an interest in making converts would help.

But Father Duffy might have gone farther, and suggested that every seminary subject be taught from the missionary viewpoint. Church history, dogma, Scripture, moral theology, canon law, even liturgy should constantly be referred to the environment in which the future priests are to labor to bring other sheep into the fold. From the standpoint of mere scholarship, the men who taught me in the Paulist house of studies may possibly have been surpassed by professors in some other seminaries; but it was an invaluable privilege to sit under these men who had had such a wide practical experience on the missions to non-Catholics. It is this orientation on the part of the seminary professors of all subjects that is the great desideratum if the young priests are to get the missionary spirit. That is, we need the same missionary attitude toward our work in this country, that Maryknoll, let us say, has toward its work in China.

However, no matter how the future priests are trained, one may doubt if they will ever be able to do the whole job. If Saint Paul had had to catch his Timothies and Tituses when they were fifteen or eighteen, and then put them through a ten- or twelve-year course embracing the study of three dead languages, would he have succeeded as well as he did? If Saint Patrick and Saint Augustine and Saint Boniface had faced the difficulties we do in regard to securing priests, would Ireland and England and Germany ever have been converted?

Of course, times have changed and the present seminary curriculum is necessary. But that only proves that today we must use some other workers besides priests. And so Father Martin Scott, S. J., has put his finger on a very important point when he says, "Catholic education if properly understood will do more to win attention and respect for the Church than any other single factor." "Too often Catholics are dumb in the presence of inquirers or revilers of our faith. I am speaking not merely of the great body of the faithful who are ordinarily educated, but also of professional men and women who have had the benefit of the higher education. They do not, for the most part, know Catholic philosophy, Catholic ethics, Catholic history." "I am persuaded that a well-informed Catholic laity is the best possible means of interesting non-Catholics in our religion. Ignorant, superstitious and bigoted Catholics have done no end of harm to the Catholic cause."

The White Harvest, in my opinion, would have been more satisfactory had Father O'Brien combined all the papers into a book of his own, as he might well have done. For Father O'Brien has himself been very successful in making converts among students at a non-sectarian university—material that one might have thought, a priori, would have been most unsuitable. But we are grateful, nevertheless, for what he has done, and hope that the book as it is will accomplish a great deal in arousing interest and in making our work more effective.

J. ELLIOT ROSS.

Mussolini Methods

Italy of Today, by Sir Frank Fox. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $4.00.

THIS is a very interesting book for the lover of Italy, and for all those who are interested in modern Italian politics. Whether it will prove equally suggestive to the general public is another matter. The author evidently knows his subject thoroughly, and does not say anything at random. He has admirably caught the spirit of Fascism, and resumes it very cleverly when he says that the Fascist must before everything else "seek the kingdom of Italy, and all other things will be added unto him." He also traces with great knowledge the program imposed by Mussolini on his followers, when he declares that the Italian citizen "must be not only a Sunday Christian, but a weekly Christian, and must always be prepared to put his country before himself." To this assertion might be replied that this ought to be the program of every real patriot, no matter where or in what country, but that unfortunately it required a Mussolini to enforce it, so entirely have people in Europe forgotten it.

Although Sir Frank Fox pretends to give replies to different questions which he puts in the foreword of his book, I do not believe that he has answered them in a satisfactory manner. Indeed they are unanswerable so far, because the Fascist government has not been long enough in power to permit one to prophesy as to the future of Italy as a nation, and of its present government as a government. Nevertheless the conclusions which he comes to are interesting and well worthy of notice. Of course he is partial, although refusing to admit the fact, and it is difficult to blame him for his partiality. Others besides himself have been impressed by the powerful personality of Mussolini, and linked it with his native Italy until it appeared that they were but one and the same thing. An outsider, judging from afar, and not under the direct and immediate influence of the great dictator, must at times come to different conclusions from those which he has reached.

In one thing Sir Frank is quite right, and this is when he says that for his followers as well as for his intimates, Mussolini is the "man of miracle," while for the Italian "man in the street," who is not a declared Fascist, the Duce is "the person who must be obeyed, the person who should by right be obeyed, for he is making Italy great and prosperous." The remark is founded on excellent knowledge of the Italian character, which

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in spite of the many centuries which have passed since the famous phrase was pronounced, can still be resumed in the proud words "Civis Romanus sum."

Fascism has two attitudes: "Sometimes it is eager to claim that what it proposes is only a revival of a good old Roman or Italian method. At other times it insists on absolute originality. It takes pride indifferently in being evolutionary and in being revolutionary." Facts have proved that such is really the case, but they have failed so far to persuade one outside of Italian politics that there is no danger in following such a course.

The author although such an admirer of the Mussolini methods, yet ends his interesting volume with some reservations which force themselves upon him. While he lays particular stress upon the fact that Fascism has brought to Italy economy and efficiency of administration in public and private enterprises, and achieved wonders in that line, he remarks with melancholy that in regard to the country's intellectual development he hesitates to speak with the same certainty, and that one formidable question arises in the mind of the student of present Italian politics, and this is "whether Fascism, by its repression of doubt, of discontent, will clamp the Italian mind in a strait-jacket?" And in saying this, Sir Frank Fox criticizes his own book better than any review could.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

An Epic of Self-Discovery

Our Times: America Finding Herself, by Mark Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

THE subtitle to Mark Sullivan's second volume of the History of Our Times is America Finding Herself. And in this spirit is his vast amount of material assembled, sometimes confusingly, to be sure, owing to its sheer redundancy, but usually with that unerring tendency toward the main point, the heritage of the born journalist. The new history, like everything mobile, is subject to individual interpretation. Underlying the method here employed is the axiom of Glenn Frank that it should leave us "standing on the shoulders of our fathers." To do this lucidly, Mr. Sullivan delves back into some lost decades; into an age so near in actual fact that paradoxically enough, it looms immeasurably bygone. The survey of the American mind becomes all-important. And nowhere can the changes, the shifts, the progress or downfall of mental equipment be studied so adequately as in reviewing the educational channels that were open to the boys who became the men in action at the turn of the century.

This formidable task is accomplished through diligent research, through the collector's memory, through innumerable excerpts and many illustrations. To a generation that knows not the "Readers" some of this may be tiresome. Yet McGuffey's Readers (born in due time from the New England Primers) formed the cultural background for five generations of young Americans. In briefest summary: Orthodoxy was then rampant, geography entirely condescending toward a world outside, English literature alone bore its banner high, as the "Readers" (for all their ineptitude) contained frequent selections from the classics. History, however (written in the crowing spirit of Yankee Doodle) merged into the elegancies of an elocution that long made the American scene "an admirable place for a declaration of something." It was not far removed from Water-Toast eloquence! Leaning yet more heavily on the shoulders of the fathers, Mr. Sullivan accounts for a possible cause of the post-war negation of ideals and extrava-

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gances of action, as being a direct recoil from the forced hypocrisy, the prohibitions and inhibitions of that earlier age.

With a chapter entitled A Dude Enters Politics (one who "bit his way to the platform") we take up the career of Theodore Roosevelt. There follows swiftly, logically, the drama of big business and the business of the big stick. "Trust-busting" was the slogan of the times. Finally—and this is of pertinent interest to the world of today—the airplane emerges, in several outstanding chapters.

These books form a valuable album of reminiscence. With no effort at fine writing, with only an occasional plunge beneath the surface, they deal sincerely and pictorially with a confused and confusing cross-section of life. Even Mr. Sullivan, covering the ground in rapid, reportorial style, falters here and there, faced as he is with so many by-paths in which to wander. His books seem destined to stand, in any final analysis, as a record of "change—the strongest son of life."

MARTHA BAYARD.

Another Milestone

The Best Short Stories of 1927 and the Year Book of the American Short Story, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

NO ONE can deny Mr. O'Brien his place in this particular field. His name is bound up with the progress of the American short story during the past thirteen years. Progress there certainly has been, and it is a far cry from the full-dress period of the short story a decade or so back to the present day, when a Hemingway masterpiece is devoured with such avidity by the public. Short stories then were handled with more or less meticulous care as to form and accoutrement; they had definitely a beginning, a middle and an end. Yet many of them, for all their form, would be today regarded by many current magazines merely as pieces of literary protoplasm. The short story today is a slice of life.

There is no great story in the present volume. Indeed as Mr. O'Brien states, it would be an exceptional year that would bring forth a great short story. Thus, taken by and large, the 1927 edition seems to remain at the common level.

However there are five outstanding stories in the twenty that make up the volume. They are The Killers, by Ernest Hemingway; When It Happens, by James Hopper; Yarbwoman, by Rose Wilder Lane; Good Morning, Major! by J. P. Marquand; and The Hound-Tuner of Callaway, by Raymond Weeks. Of these, special mention should be made of The Hound-Tuner of Callaway for its beautiful and simple telling. It forms in this aspect probably the most delightful story in the entire collection. Yarbwoman is also to be commended for its dramatic qualities, and When It Happens is the most poignant short story I have ever encountered.

As to the rest of the collection, I have read many stories during the past year just as good as Mr. O'Brien's selections, and some which were better. The title here does not hold a true application. Take for example The Right Honorable the Strawberries, by Owen Wister. Here is a mechanical and cumbersome piece of work which deserves more than any other story in the book the literary "raspberries." Or take Three Lumps of Sugar, by Armory Hare. This story has not a leg to stand on, save for the fact that its ending is very clever. But an ending, no matter how clever it may be, is bootless if the story lack the "living substance" which Mr. O'Brien speaks of as being essential to it.

THOMAS HEALY.

Briefer Mention

Greatest of Men: Washington, by Alfred W. McCann. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $2.50.

THE career and character of George Washington, father of his country, have become first-class topics of conversation. It is not so much that Americans have got into the habit of taking a day off in honor of Washington's birthday without stopping to remember who the man was or what work he accomplished in the world. Rather the point is a persistent attempt by various writers of a peculiar "neo-historical" school to strip the great Virginian of his heroism and manhood—to make him the victim of a hundred sly guesses and surmisals in order that the reputation of a respected patriot may be undermined. Against all these scavengers, cynics and sophisticates, Dr. McCann rides to battle with true Celtic fury, armed with plenty of information and a knowledge of normal psychology. The outcome of the fray is a fine vindication of George Washington's character and achievement. Parents ought, therefore, to provide their sons and daughters with copies of Dr. McCann's book. It will instill a nobler conception of life and fortify the right kind of patriotic impulse. We may agree that the thesis is stretched a bit too far. No necessity existed for making the very questionable assertion that Washington was absolutely the "greatest" of men. Nevertheless Dr. McCann appears in behalf of a good cause and offers a book deserving of wide popularity.

The Passion of Saint Perpetua, by R. Waterville Muncey. London: J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited. $1.10.

IN HIS translation of The Passion of Saint Perpetua the Reverend R. Waterville Muncey has done a good work and an acceptable one. The text, translated from Dr. Armitage Robinson's earlier edition, the introduction, the notes, are those of a scholar. The narrative itself is the most beautiful as well as the most undisputed of all early martyr records. As a historical document it is invaluable for its contemporary comment on early Christian martyrdoms, its authenticated visions and its unusual liturgical allusions. To have been the subject of three sermons by Saint Augustine and of signal comment by Tertullian are accidental distinctions attaching to Vibia Perpetua, that undaunted Carthaginian girl of twenty-two whose death is commemorated on March 7. Its significance may be gathered from conspicuous mention of it in the old Roman calendar, the Syriac martyrology, various Latin acts and numerous editions of ancient manuscript records. The present text is a translation of the best and most complete life, and though attributed to Tertullian, does not involve Saint Perpetua in his Montanism.

The Book of Ser Marco Polo, edited by George B. Parks. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The Comedies of William Congreve, edited by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

SO FAR The Modern Reader's Series has offered little startlingly novel or even unfamiliar to those who read through "classics series." The text, however, is almost always admirable, being based on discriminating examination of originals and careful editing. Mr. Parks uses Yule's version of Marco Polo, with intelligent emendations, and writes a sane, interesting introduction in which the charm and accuracy of his author are upheld. Mr. Krutch reprints four Congreve plays, with a brief preliminary comment. The format in the case of both volumes is unusually attractive.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"If I were to ask you for another bowl of this steaming bohay, my dear Amanuensa," said Doctor Angelicus, handing back his cup to the devoted tea-brewer, "you would perhaps think it quaint to commend the domestic excellence of your tay and to recall that I am using the word as Dr. Samuel Johnson and his circle pronounced it in the rare Augustine days. It delights my heart to note also the approval of our fine old savant Dr. Frank Vizetelly, hero of standard dictionaries and other wordy conventions, who has been giving his learned views over a recent cup of the brew that cheers but not inebriates. While sipping his well-earned 'dulce et decorum' this ancient Nimrod of words, this scientific root-gatherer in the jungles of our inarticulate speech, paused long enough to remind us tyros in the fields where he performs such prodigies that it was the Persians who first gave him his 'cha' and the Dutch who brought it to him as 'te.'

"Strangely enough it is the Germans, not our English cousins, who make the first reference to it in literature, although it can hardly be claimed as a universal novelty when we remember that the Chinese had been sipping it for 2,700 years before Christ, and, that Dr. Johnson, Dr. Vizetelly and myself have the complacence of sharing in its comforts with the wise Confucius who lived six centuries before our chronologies began. I shall not confuse your modern brain, my dear young lady, by reverting to ages so far away from your own computation, but indulge me when I recall that the first London Tay House was established in 1657, where the price of between twenty-five and fifty dollars a pound reminds me of the charges they put upon me at the Montesquieu and The Tiddle-Winks when I gave that afternoon tea recently for Cousin Euphemia and Lizzie Snitters."

"But, Doctor," interposed Amanuensa, "did they have dancing and orchestra, with cinnamon toast and a really good floor?"

"Amanuensa, will you really never grow up? Can you see Samuel Pepys with Mrs. Pepys (or without her) taking part in such a revelry over his China drink? Do you not understand that this beverage was highly recommended for its soothing qualities, that even the English Parliament found it so sedative that they were persuaded to pass an act in 1660 taxing it as harmless and beneficial, and that the yellow sheet, the London Mercurius Politicus, published in 1661 a paid advertisement to the effect that 'The excellent and by-all-physicians-approved China drink, called by the Chineans "tcha," by other nations "tay," alias "tee," is sold at the Sultan's Head Coffee House, in Sweeting's Rents, hard by the Royal Exchange, London.'

"If you had paid any attention to your chemistry courses in the convent you would listen to me with more patience when I inform you that the principal constituents of your own delicious home-brew are volatile oil (a substance that I see appeals to you by its name alone) thein, tannin, albuminous compounds, gum and some soluble potash and phosphoric acid.

"From your botany notebook you may recall your sweet professor's talk on the tea-plants of China and Japan, the evergreen from which the leaves and buds are taken for drying. From four even to thirty feet in height grows this thea sinensis or assamica, and many of our oriental acrobats have had their first lessons in balancing on one another's shoulders while they browsed for its more delicate frondlings. There is no connection between tea and those delicious tisanes prepared from the

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flowers and herbs of lovely old gardens monastic, and far away in the corners of my memory. These were usually the decoctions of discreet homesteads, the secrets handed down from some ancient founder or herbalist of the past—but how exquisite are the souvenirs they awaken!

"Literature has often been associated with drink; 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' has started many critical inquiries into the potency and numerical computation of his cups. But if inspiration has been nourished only too frequently on the steaming bowl, or the shaken ice, let it be said once for all that tea is the drink of scholarship. Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly with his tea-cup gives an open vista of professorial parlors that stretches across several centuries back to the gardens and hidden haunts of the oriental sages.

"The completion of the monster New English Dictionary (which is to be issued under the name of the Oxford Dictionary only because it is produced by the Clarendon Press) gives this great American lexicographer of ours an opportunity to pay his respects to Dr. James A. H. Murray and the Philological Society of England; to Herbert (not Hartley) Coleridge; to Henry Bradley, Dr. Furnivall, Dr. Craigie and C. T. Onions for the superb work which took seventy-one years to complete. A great editor himself, Dr. Vizetelly understands the complexity and magnitude of such an undertaking, with its tens of thousands of pitfalls and uncertainties. Philology has grown in difficulties through multiplicity of authorities and the multiplication of details due to the spread of universal information and the rapid changes in civilization, its instruments and means and purposes. I know of nothing more confusing, if I may except psychoanalysis. Amanuensa, see if the kettle is not too cool."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

ELISABETH MARBURY is an authors' and playwrights' representative in New York. She has published a novel, My Crystal Ball, and a translation of the Faith of France by Maurice Barrès.

PADRAIC COLUM is the Irish poet and storyteller and the author of Wild Earth; and The Road Round Ireland.

SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, professor of anthropology in Saint Michael's College, Toronto, is the author of The Church and Science; and The Romans in Britain.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is a member of the teaching staff of Loyola University, Chicago.

RICHARD LINN EDSALL was formerly connected with The Harvard Advocate and the New York press.

THOMAS V. BOGGS is a poet and musician, many of whose contributions have been published in American periodicals.

VINCENT ENGELS was recently an instructor in English in the University of Notre Dame.

HERBERT FORBES DAWSON, formerly a resident of South Africa, is a general contributor to current periodicals.

ALICE GOULD, a contemporary poet, is the author of Flotilla.

MARY ELLEN CHASE is associate professor of English literature in Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts.

MONSIGNOR JOSEPH H. MCMAHON, formerly a director of the New York Public Library and founder of the Catholic Library Association, is the author of many books of literary and liturgical interest.

REV. J. ELLIOT ROSS, chaplain of the Catholic students in Columbia University, is the author of Consumers and Wage Earners; The Right to Work; and Christian Ethics.

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL of Russia is the author, in English, of They Knew the Washingtons, and other books of history and reminiscence.

MARTHA BAYARD is a general contributor to American critical journals.

THOMAS HEALY is a poet and reviewer residing in New York.

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